THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF A LATE CELEBRATED GENIUS, DECEASED.

FRONTEM NUGIS SOLVERE DISCE MEIS.
MARTIAL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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POSTSCRIPT. To the Printer.

THE KORAN

THE KORAN:

OR,

THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND SENTIMENTS OF TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO, M. N. A.

OR MASTER OF NO ARTS.

PART THE FIRST.

Vous y verrez du ſerieux,
Entre-melé de badinage;
Des traits un peu facetieux,
Dont la morale, au-moins, eſt ſage.
Le philoſophe de Sans-ſouci.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

My Lord,

I HAVE not the honour of being known to your lordſhip.—My ſole reaſon then, for preſenting theſe volumes to you, ariſes from the reſpect and eſteem I have often heard the author of them profeſs toward your lordſhip's perſon and character.

Upon reading the following pages to me one day, he ſtopped at the end

of a particular chapter, and expreſſed himſelf thus:—"Swift ſaid, that if "there were but a dozen *Arbuthnots* "in the world, he would burn his "*Gulliver*.—In like manner," added he, "I declare, that if there were "only as many *Charlemonts* in theſe "kingdoms, I would alſo commit "my *Primmer* * to the flames."

So honourable a teſtimony as this, ſufficiently juſtifies the preference with which I ſubſcribe myſelf, on this occaſion, your lordſhip's

Moſt humble

and obedient ſervant,

THE EDITOR.

* This article will unfold itſelf in due time.

THE EDITOR TO THE READER.

I HERE preſent the public with the remains of an author, who has long entertained and amuſed them, and who has been the ſubject both of applauſe and cenſure—himſelf equally regardleſs of both.—He was a ſecond Democritus, who ſported his opinions freely, juſt as his philoſophy, or his fancy led the way: and as he inſtilled no profligate principle, nor ſolicited any looſe deſire, the worſt that could poſſibly be ſaid, of the very worſt part of his writings, might be only, that they were as indecent, but as innocent, at the ſame time, as the ſprawling of an infant on the floor.

And I ſhall give you here his own ſentiments about this matter; which I have taken, *ex ore ſuo*, from one of the following pages—

" And I, who am myſelf a perfect " philoſopher of the French ſchool, " whoſe motto is, *ridè, ſi ſapis*, do " affirm, that writings which di- " vert or exhilarate the mind, though " ever ſo arch or free, provided they " appear to have no other ſcope, " ought not to be reprehended with " too *methodiſtical* a ſeverity—while " thoſe, indeed, cannot be too loudly " anathematized, which aim directly, " or even with the moſt remote obli- " quity, againſt any one principle of " honour, morals, or religion *."

Theſe notes were deſigned by the author, to frame a larger work from

* See p. 45.

than

than the preſent, to be publiſhed after he ſhould find himſelf—or the public—tired of the ſportive incoherence of his former volumes.—But his untimely and unexpected death prevented him from digeſting and completing this ſcheme.

Theſe ſheets had been put into my hands, ſome time before this unhappy event, to correct or cancel, as I ſhould think proper; and he left them with me, on his death-bed, to diſpoſe of after what manner I might chooſe—either to be kept among my miſcellaneous papers, for my own amuſement, or publiſhed to the world, or thrown into the fire.—His expreſſion to me, upon that affecting occaſion, was equally elegant and flattering.—

Et dixit moriens—*Te nunc habet iſta ſecundum.*—

I ima-

I imagined that any tract of this author, eſpecially into which he tranſfuſes ſo much of his very ſoul, might afford ſome entertainment to the public; and I have, therefore, committed theſe incorrect pieces, and unfiniſhed ſketches, to the preſs, without attempting to make any manner of addition, or alteration in them, except the leaving out of ſome paſſages, that were either *unintelligible*—or *too plain*.

And if there ſhould yet appear to have remained ſome other particulars, which the ſcrupulous reader may think to have needed the further uſe of the *ſtile*, I am very certain that he will meet with ſufficient matter, in the reſt of the work, to make the author's apology, and to ſerve alſo as a juſtification of

THE EDITOR.

A

PRIVATE LETTER

FROM

THE AUTHOR TO THE EDITOR.

TO ONE IN A MILLION.

My very good Friend,

I AM juſt returned from hunting *o'er the hills, and far away*; and as my manner has ever been, whether riding, walking, ſkateing, ſwimming, or boating—and I dare venture to hold a wager, that it would be the ſame if I was flying—to revolve thoſe ſubjects in my mind, which I purpoſe, at any time of my

life, to diſcuſs in writing, your requeſt to me lately has occupied my whole thoughts all this morning.—*Experieris non Dianam magis in montibus, quàm Minervam inerrare*, as Pliny ſays.

In ſuch a memoiring and *memorable age* as this, why not write my own Memoirs? *vexatus toties*. I have gone through a multitude of novels, within theſe few years paſt, and have attended, with moſt exemplary patience and perſeverance, chapter after chapter, in hope that the next anecdote might poſſibly make me ſome amends for the dulneſs of the former. In vain! Modern noveliſts ſeem to be deficient, even in invention.—We forgive

forgive them their total want of language, ſtile, moral, character, or ſentiment.

My ſeries of life has happily ſaved me the intire labour of conception. For the mere literal narrative of my adventures, from the moment I was uncaſed from my firſt *envelope*, till the inſtant I ſhall eſcape from this ſecond *caul*—for the context and complexion of my paſt life will probably form the weft and hue of my future—would amuſe and intereſt my readers, though recited in the ſimplicity of my nurſe, the ſtupidity of my pedagogues, or the tedioufneſs of modern memoiriſts; who may be ſaid, according to Ariſtotle's figure, ſtiled *Paronomaſia*, to write more pour

Faim, than *Fame*.—For I take Neceſſity to be a muſe that's fairly worth *the nine*, and literary Fame to be lineally derived from *Fames*.

Largitor ingenii venter.

Pray don't be alarmed at the word *Koran*, which I have choſen to make the title of theſe papers. I am not turned Muſſulman; but I hate *appropriated names*, becauſe they reſtrain the language too much, and are apt to lead to ſuperſtition.—And I ſee no reaſon why my viſions and vagaries have not as good a right to be called *Al Koran*, or *The Koran*, as the inventions and impoſitions of Mahomet; which were ſtiled ſo, merely as being *a collection of chapters*—for ſo the word in Arabic ſignifies.

But to proceed——

THE KORAN.

CHAP. I.

THE CHANCE-MEDLEY.

AS I am, at length and long-run, ſafely delivered into the world, and fairly entered into life, I think it high time now to give you ſome account of myſelf—ſo often promiſed, and ſo long delayed—which I ſhall do, in as few words as the nature of the ſubject, and the writer

of it, will permit. *Hic vir, hic eſt, tibi quem promitti ſæpiùs audis.*

I was *really* born—no doubt on't: for if I had not, I ſhould never have pretended to ſay ſo ——— But firſt let me account for myſelf, in the character I at preſent ſtand before you, as an author—which I never intended—nor indeed was ever intended—to be.—I happened to become one by mere chance.

Chance has ever been my *fate*. My father never deſigned me any manner of education. He was *a brave ſoldier*, and deſpiſed it. What a power of courage he muſt have had! So I learned to read and write, *by chance*. I

miched

miched once to ſchool, and picked up a little literature, *by chance*. I never meant to marry, and yet it was my *luck* to get a wife. I never had any patron, but was provided for by *fortune*.

Chance, Luck, and Fortune then have been my *Clotho*, *Atropos*, and *Lacheſis*—and ſo I have aſſumed the cognomen of *Tria juncta in uno*—which is another chance alſo; as I never once thought of ſuch a derivation, before this very inſtant.

But how an author by chance, prithee?—I'll tell you, if you'll have but a little patience.

CHAP. II.

THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

THIS method of dividing a ſubject into chapters, is an admirable expedient for your pennyworth wits, and your two-penny readers. It ſerves as reſting pauſes to both.

Diviſum ſic breve fiet opus.

The Bible itſelf might, perhaps, to ſome appear tedious, if it was not for the comfortable relief of chapters.

Beſides,

Beſides, the intervals, or *white lines*, as the printers ſtile them, help to ſwell the volume like a bladder; or may be compared to an article of *potted ſaw-duſt* in *a bill of fare*, which helps to *cover a table*, though it adds nothing to *the feaſt*.

Here now I expect that my old acquaintance *the* UN-*critical Reviewers* will be apt to remark upon this paſſage, that theſe ſpaces are the moſt valuable parts of my books, as *a blank* is better than *a blot* at any time, with other inſipidities of the ſame ſort.

But let them prate; for I have long ſince brought myſelf to be very well

well able to bear with them, by becoming regardleſs equally of their applauſe or cenſure. True critics, like hawks, hunt for pleaſure: but the Reviewers, like vultures, only *for prey*.

And for this reaſon, I don't think that one ſhould be too ſevere againſt the poor devils neither. They ought rather to become the object of our pity than reſentment, who, like *hangmen*, are obliged to *execute* for bread. And it ſhould therefore be a conſiderable advantage to a work, to have received their cenſure—for an author may ſet what price he pleaſes on a book that has been condemned to be burnt by the hands of the *common hangman*.

CHAP. III.

THE UNCLE.

I THINK I promiſed, in my firſt chapter, to give you my *authority* in literature. Thus it was—

I happened to have an uncle once, who was a miniſter of the goſpel, but his only ſtudy was politics. He had a laudable ambition to riſe in life. Religion is undoubtedly a neceſſary qualification for that purpoſe in the next world—but is not ſufficient to help us forward in this.

He

He took care, therefore, juſt to get the *thirty-nine articles* by heart, to enable him to ſtand an examination of faith on the day of judgment—not attending to the good old ſaying, *Live and learn, die and forget all:* but his maxims were, *not to go, while you ſtay—to live whilſt you live; for at the hour of death, ſufficient to that day will be the evil thereof.*

In proſecution then of his ſcheme of life, he wrote and publiſhed ſeveral party papers, during the *reign* of Sir Robert Walpole, in favour of his miniſtry—but Mammon left him in the lurch.—They produced no effect toward his advancement.—They were poorly written.—Parſons generally write

write ill, even upon their own ſubjects.

He might better have employed himſelf, in ſaying his prayers—for, in this ſervice, whatever is well meant, is well received, though ever ſo ill performed: but in the other caſe, whatever is well *executed* only, is well accepted of, however *ill intended*.—This mortified our divine.

Juſt at this criſis I happened to return into the country; after having quitted college, and brought home ſome little character from the univerſity, for parts and learning.———

But

But I am hurrying the reader on too faſt. My ſtock is ſmall, and needs œconomy. So I think that I have now wrote enough for this chapter—and, in the ſtile of a ſermon, I ſhall leave you to conſider of what has been ſaid, and defer the remainder to another opportunity.

CHAP.

CHAP IV.

ON MURDER.

FOR my own part, I have not the leaſt notion how any man—or woman either—can bring themſelves to commit murder—except indeed it happened to be on the body of a brother, a friend, a miſtreſs, or ſome other ſuch fond and dear connections as theſe.

Human nature revolts at the very idea; inſomuch that I know not what *temptation* can induce any perſon to be guilty of ſuch a crime—

for

for *temptation* comes from *nature*, whoſe ſtrongeſt propenſity is the very *reverſe* of it.—This vice then muſt certainly ariſe from *provocation* only—becauſe provocation proceeds from the devil.

Thus, reader, you may perceive—that is, ſuppoſing you to have been attentive to what I am ſaying all this while, that I have here made a nice diſtinction of it, between the *fleſh and the devil*.—Pray now, pleaſe you to obſerve the conſequence.

The *provocation* then muſt be of the higheſt kind.—This cannot ariſe from any indifferent perſon. They can never *provoke* us ſufficiently.—A man—

or woman either—deſerves to be hanged for killing ſuch as theſe.—No—A brother, a friend, a child, a wife, or a miſtreſs, muſt therefore become the proper objects of our moſt deadly reſentment. Ergo——

The application of this argument in ſome other chapter.

CHAP. V.

THE MINISTERIAL WRITER.

MY uncle then employed me to write a pamphlet, in defence of the miniſtry—not of the goſpel. I obeyed his commands, and put the manuſcript into his hands; which he carried forthwith in his own name to Sir Robert.

He approved of it; 'twas ſent to the preſs, and procured the parſon preferment—but prevented his own—for it kept the knight *out of the Houſe*

of

of Lords for the remainder of that ſeptennial.

The method I uſed in that pamphlet was this—I collected together every thing that had been ever objected againſt the miniſter, from his firſt entering into office till that time, and ipſe dixited every article of it, *point blanc*, in the negative—*from my own certain knowledge, and other ſufficient authority*—Affirmed myſelf to be *no courtier*, nor even acquainted with one; but to be *a mere country gentleman*, of an independent fortune, who had never before troubled his head about *party diſputes*, vulgarly ſtiled *politics*—but, ſhocked at the *licentiouſneſs of the times*, had entered a volun-

teer in the ſervice of my king, my country, and the ſupport of miniſterial virtue and integrity.

I affirmed, that the high price of proviſions, ſo loudly complained of, aroſe from the riches and affluence flowing daily into the kingdom, under the auſpices of our miniſter—and that the accumulation of taxes, like the riſing of rents, was the ſureſt token of a nation's thriving—that the dearneſs of markets, with theſe new impoſts of government, neceſſarily doubled induſtry—and that an increaſe of this *natural kind of manufacture*, was adding to the capital ſtock of the commonwealth.

I la-

I lamented the fatal effects to be apprehended from all theſe heats, animoſities, and revilings, which I ſaid *I had good reaſon* to affirm were but a method of acting and inſtilling treaſon, under cover—for that whenever *the miniſter was* abuſed, *the king was* attacked.

So profligate parſons, whenever they fall into deteſtation or contempt, inveigh againſt the impiety of the times, and charge the ſcandal and reproach they have themſelves induced upon their function, to the atheiſm of the laity.

This book of mine has been the *codex*, or *ars politica*, of all the miniſterial

niſterial ſycophants ever ſince that æra—for I have ſcarcely met with a paragraph in any of the ſtate-hireling writers, for many years paſt, that I could not trace fairly back to my own *code*.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

ORIGIN OF UNCLE TOBY.

THE income of my uncle's new benefice was conſiderable; and I thought that I had ſome claim to part of the emoluments of it. I was amuſed with hope for ſeveral years; during which time he contrived to get ſome other uſeful jobs out of me—But my good uncle was a courtier, as I told you before—He promiſed, and performed, like one.

This diſappointment, this ingratitude, *provoked* my reſentment to the

higheſt degree.—Here read the penultima chapter over again, and I'll wait for you.

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However, this incident happened afterwards to turn out a good deal to my own advantage.—If I can help others to live by my wits, ſaid I to myſelf, one day that I happened to be in a reaſoning mood, what a fool muſt I be, not to endeavour to manufacture them a little toward my own profit?

I had

I had been juſt then prieſted—I wrote a ſermon, preached and publiſhed it—But I hate to tell a ſtory twice, as much as others do to hear one.

I then formed the deſign of writing my own memoirs—Why not? Every French enſign does the ſame. If we are not of ſufficient conſequence to the world, we certainly are ſo to ourſelves. We feel our own ſelf-importance—and how natural is it to expreſs one's feelings!

In order to embelliſh this work, I drew a ſketch of my uncle's character.—It was bitter enough, to ſay the truth of it—for truth it was—

But happening to ſhew this *trait* to ſome of my friends, they reprehended me for it.—Parſons, ſaid they, God knows, have enemies enough already—they need not ſlander one another.

No man brooks chiding better—nor can I long harbour reſentment.—I have no inimicality in my nature—my blood is milk, and curdles at another's woe—I had forgiven the man long before; and it was more out of humour, than malice, that I had been *tempted*, not *provoked*, to introduce him on the ſcene.

I immediately changed my purpoſe.—But as this defalcation had left

left an *hiatus deflendus* in my *piece*—for they are all but *pieces*—I ſupplied the chaſm of this dramatis perſonæ, by an imaginary *Uncle Toby*, already ſufficiently known to the world.—

Many years before this latter æra, I happened to fall into matrimony—*Sed chartæ ſilent*—The modeſt reader, and I deſire no other, will ſurely ſuffer me to *draw the curtain* here.—And ſo finiſhes the ſixth chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

LE FEVRE.

AND now it is full time to commence a new one.—But I am again precipitating matters and things too haſtily—I was always giddy—The reader muſt have time allowed him for digeſtion—Let us take up my ſtory a little higher.

My father was an Engliſhman, and had a command in the army—He was ſtationed in Ireland at the time of my birth, which happened—I forget

get what year—in the city of Clonmel.—I remained in that kingdom till I was about twelve years old—and there I received the firſt rudiments of literature, from the kindneſs and humanity of a lieutenant, who was in the ſame corps with my father—His name was *Le Fevre.*

But indeed I owe infinitely more to him than my Latin grammar. It was he that taught me *the Grammar of Virtue*—It was this moſt excellent perſon who firſt inſtilled into my mind the principles—not of *a Parſon*—but of *a Divine*—It was he who imbued my ſoul with humanity, benevolence, and charity—It was he who

who inſpired me with that *vibration* for the diſtreſſes of mankind,

" Which, like the needle true,
" Turns at the touch of others woe,
" And turning trembles too *."

—It was he who inſtructed me that temperance is the beſt ſource of charity.—'Tis in this ſenſe only that it ſhould ever be ſaid *to begin at home*—Readers, throw your gouts, your cholics, your ſcurvies, to the poor.

—It was he who furniſhed me with this admirable hint to charity—that *the more a perſon wants, the leſs will do him good.*—It was he who ſoftened my

* Mrs. Greville's Ode.

nature

nature to that tender ſenſibility, and fond ſympathy, which have created the principal pains and pleaſures of my life; and which will, I truſt in God, inſure the latter, in the next, without its alloy.—Amen!

This good man has been long dead; and in grateful honour of his memory, I have mentioned his name in another place—'Twas all I could!—I would have *plucked a nettle from his grave*, had I ſeen one ever grow there—For ſurely there was nothing, either in the humors of his body, or the temperament of his mind, that ſuch a *noli me tangere* weed could be nouriſhed by, or emblematic of——

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

A DIGRESSION ON WIT.

WHAT is wit?—'Tis not a manufacture—It is not to be wrought out of the mind, by dint of ſtudy and labour, as ſenſe, reaſon, and ſcience are—Ideas, with the very words fitted to them, *ready cut and dry*, come bounce all complete together into the brain, without the leaſt manner of reflection.

Even I have ſometimes ſaid things without deſign, unconſcious of any kind

kind of wit in them myſelf, till the ſound of the words has alarmed my own ears, or made others to prick up theirs. If wit had been hanging matter—and ſo it might, for any great harm it would do—I ſhould then have incurred the penalty of a ſort of *chance-medley* treaſon. It would have required time and thought to have expreſſed myſelf worſe—or according to law—upon ſuch occaſions.

What is the reaſon, that between two perſons, of equal ſenſe and learning, an imagery ſhall generally ſtrike the one, and never the other?—That upon viewing a green field, ſtocked with new ſhorn ſheep, one man ſhall

ſee nothing there, but graſs and mutton, and that another ſhall reſemble it to *a tanſey*, ſtuck with almonds?

That one perſon ſhall *plainly* ſay, of a fine day in winter, that the ſun ſhines, but does not warm—while another ſhall, at the ſame inſtant, compare it *to a jewel, at once both bright and cold?* &c.

Thus you ſee that wit is only a *double-entendre*.—What pity 'tis, ladies, that *double-entendres* are not always wit alſo—

Nay, the prudiſh Cowley has, unluckily for us, made them one of the negative definitions of it:

" Much leſs can that have any place,
" At which a virgin hides her face—
" Such droſs the fire muſt purge away. 'Tis juſt
" The writer bluſh, where'er the reader muſt."

CHAP. IX.

WHETHER I MYSELF HAVE WIT.

THIS point has been queſtioned by ſome—One *Biographer*, *Triglyph*, calls me an *anomalous*, *heteroclite* writer—words, by the bye, that ſignify the ſame thing—ſays, that *I have more ſauce than pig* *, &c.—They allow me oddneſs, originality, and humour—but deny me *wit*.

If by this expreſſion they mean epigrammatic point, perhaps I may

* The Triumvirate, the preface.

have

have but little of it.—But let wit be *ſauce*, according to good Maſter Triglyph.—Muſt ſauces always be poignant?—Is not that eſteemed the beſt cookery, where the ingredients are ſo equally blended, that no one particular flavour predominates upon the palate?—Decayed appetites only require the ſharper ſeaſonings.

They grant me humour, originality, and deſcription.—What then is wit, if theſe articles do not comprehend it?—And if it is any thing elſe, how little neceſſary muſt it be, where theſe already are?

The ancients ſtiled wit *ingenium*—capacity, invention, powers.—Martial

was the firſt perſon who reduced it to *a point*—and too many of the writings, ſince that æra of the *faux brilliants*, have been ſo very *eager*, that they have almoſt *ſet one's teeth on edge*.

I So far am I eaſy on this ſcore, whether they allow me wit, or no.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

OF WIT, IN MORALS.

I Formerly uſed to prefer Pliny's Epiſtles, and Seneca's Morals, before Cicero's writings of both kinds—becauſe of the points of wit, and quaint turns, in the former.—I remember when I thought Horace and Catullus flat and inſipid—but then it was when I admired Martial and Cowley.

Plain meats, ſimply dreſſed, are certainly more wholeſome food, than

higher cooked repaſts.—But one who has indulged, or rather depraved, his appetite, with the latter viands, cannot, without difficulty, recover his natural reliſh for the former.—We are juſt in the ſame circumſtances in literature.

The ſport of fancy, and a play of words, may have, perhaps, this effect, to fix the ſentiment more ſtrongly in the mind—but I ſeldom found that they carried their uſes further—

Play round the head, but enter not the heart.

Strong phraſes, and oppoſition of terms, may ſtore the *common place* of memory

memory with apt ſentiments, which may help a perſon to *ſhine*, in writing, or converſation: but this wants the true *ſplendor* of learning, the *temperato uſu*; while ſound ſenſe and reaſon, more plainly expreſſed, operates upon us in the nature of an *alterative medicine*—ſlow, but ſure.

And though by degrees we bound, *with vigour not our own*; yet not being able directly to impute our ſtrength to any foreign aſſiſtance, we are apt to cheriſh that ſenſe and virtue, which we by this means acquire, as we do *the heirs of our own loins*—while thoſe acquiſitions we make, by the help of *remembred wit* only, are received into the heart as coldly as *an adoption*.

I find

I find myſelf moralizing here, ſomewhat in the very ſtile I have been reprehending—but I have not reſtrained my pen—for when we condemn a fault—to carry on the vein—we ſhould endeavour *to make an example of it*.—And it may be applied to me, what was ſaid of Jeremy, in *Love for Love*, "that he was declaiming againſt wit, with all the wit he could muſter."

But witty I am henceforth *reſolved* to be for the reſt of my life.—Lord, Sir, *reſolution* is a powerful thing; it has rendered many a coward brave, and a few women chaſte.—Let us try now whether this ſame miraculous faculty cannot make one parſon witty—for a wonder.

CHAP. XI.

TRIGLYPH AND TRISTRAM COMPARED.

BUT the author of the *Triumvirate* is ſtill more ſevere on me, on account of ſome free paſſages in my works.—Call them not my *works*, but my *ſports* only—and pleaſe to let Maſter Triglyph know, that I was not writing treatiſes on morals, or lectures on religion, at that time—I wrote intirely for *the benefit of my own health*, and that of my readers alſo.

Bacon,

Bacon, in his *hiſtoria vitæ & mortis*, recommends chearful and light writings to be read, *for life and death*—and I will actually get them inſerted among the *materia medica*, in the next edition of the London Diſpenſatory.—Why ſhould we find fault with the archneſs of any paſſage, that contributes towards ſo ſalutary a purpoſe? What freedoms are not ſurgeons obliged often to uſe, particularly in obſtetricks—for the health or ſafety of the chaſteſt maid or matron?

Some other philoſopher recommends *hæ nugæ* too for the relief of the mind—

—Luſus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat ſibi.

And

And I, who am myſelf a perfect philoſopher of the French ſchool, whoſe motto is, *ride, ſi ſapis*, do affirm, that writings which divert or exhilarate the mind, though ever ſo arch or free, provided they appear to have no other ſcope, ought not to be reprehended with too *methodiſtical* a ſeverity—while thoſe indeed cannot be too loudly anathematized, which aim directly, or even with the moſt remote obliquity, againſt any one principle of honour, morals, or religion.

But prithee, ladies, is not Triglyph full as arch and free as Triſtram? I ſhall not take the pains to collate the ſeveral paſſages together—nor, like friend

friend Kidgel, *reveal*, while I *expoſe*.—But is not his LXXXVIIIth chapter *un chef d'œuvre* in this way?

He therein mentions the accidental view of a fine woman, ſtark naked—Indeed he neither deſcribes her perſon, her limbs, her complexion, nor makes uſe of any one looſe idea, or indecent expreſſion—Better he had—for then the offence would have ended there—But how is the reader's imagination inflamed, and his paſſions emoved, by ſympathy, with thoſe effects which the ſpectator tells you this object had upon his own ſenſes and ſenſations?

To be able thus to raiſe a *ſmile*, without a *bluſh*, and to provoke *deſire*, without

without offending *decency*, is an art, good Maſter Triglyph, that is capable of *uncalendering* a ſaint.

Sedley has that prevailing gentle art, &c.

But I do not deny the man his merits, as he has alſo had the candor not to refuſe me mine—for, though we are both great rivals, it is in a ſentiment that ought to make us the greater friends.—We ſeem equally to wiſh, and moſt fervently pray, for "Glory to God in the higheſt, and on "earth peace, good will towards "men." Amen!

But to proceed——

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

THE ABIGAIL.

WHEN I was about twelve years old, as I told you before, my father and mother returned into England, and brought me over with them: I was then placed at a regular ſchool—at my own moſt earneſt inſtance, threatening, if refuſed, to inliſt myſelf among the ſtrolling gypſies, to purchaſe *any knowledge*, at *any rate*—From whence I was, in due time, transferred to the univerſity.

I need

I need not trouble you here with a particular account of my education—the benefits of it are ſufficiently apparent in my writings—*Let your works, not your words, prove you*, ſays ſomebody—if not, I ſay ſo myſelf. So that my life is all that the reader has any right to call upon me for here.

In that large field then I was firſt entered by my mother's maid.—This was no *ſlip* of mine—tne *back-ſliding* was all her own—Alas! what wit had I?—And for this *faux pas* it is needleſs to make any manner of apology—Men muſt be initiated in the myſteries of iniquity, in order the more ſafely to purſue the paths of virtue—

And if you will not take my word for it, becauſe I am a chriſtian, liſten to what Terence, who was a notorious heathen, ſays upon this ſubject:

Id verò eſt, quod ego mihi puto palmarium,
Me reperiſſe quomodo adoleſcentulus
Meretricum ingenia, et mores, poſſet noſcere,
Maturè ut cùm cognorit, perpetuò oderit.

EUN.

I happened to marry, ſometime after, and communicated my experience to my wife — *ſhe nothing loath*, &c.

It would, I think, be highly improper in me to add one ſentence more to ſuch a chapter as this.

CHAP.

CHAP XIII.

ON LITERAL MODESTY.

AS the world ſeems not to be charitably enough inclined to give me credit for the merit of the above title, it forces me here to break through the very rules of it, in order to point out thoſe inſtances where I happen to afford any rare ſpecimen of my *bien-ſeance*.

The cloſe of my laſt chapter is a remarkable example of this kind.—With what a becoming decency did

I drop the curtain, in that ſcene! According to the rule of Horace,

———*Non tamen intùs*
Digna geri, promes in ſcenam.——

And yet I have read Meurſius, Auſonius, and Martinus Scriblerus, I aſſure you—which I think I may confeſs, the more freely, as you may perceive that I am not a bit the worſe for ſuch dangerous precedents.

A word by the bye.—Precedents are the bane and diſgrace of legiſlature.—They are not wanted, to juſtify right meaſures, and are abſolutely inſufficient, to excuſe wrong ones.—They can only be uſeful to heralds, dancing-maſters, and gentlemen

men uſhers—becauſe, in theſe departments, neither reaſon, virtue, nor the *ſalus populi*, or *ſuprema lex*, can have any operation.

Another inſtance of my reticence is, that though I brought Terence upon the carpet, I did not quote that paſſage from him, where he has the impudence to ſay,

Non eſt flagitium, crede mihi, adoleſcentulum *Scortari*, neque *potare*. ADELPH.

Which, though, in reality, not ſpoken in the mere *dictionary ſenſe* of the words, might have, however, been made a ſiniſter uſe of, had I had any of that profligate turn of mind, that has, ſometimes, been ſo unfairly imputed to me.

I love a joke; I don't deny it—and whether 'tis a *black* or a *white* one, I own that I do not always wait to examine. But what does this ſignify? Abler perſons than I often take things in the lump—and provided we are but pleaſed, methinks it is being rather more nice than wiſe to conſider through what medium. But then I think it no joke, to debauch or corrupt another perſon's mind or principles.—Charge this upon me who can.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

ON LIBERAL MODESTY.

DO you comprehend the diſtinction of this title? for I am no definitioner.

Αιδως και ἀγαθη, is an expreſſion of Heſiod's. Horace calls it *pudor malus*, and the French ſay *mauvaiſe honte*. By all which terms, is meant that kind of baſhfulneſs which is obſerved in young perſons of the beſt parts and merit, on their firſt entrance into life, or mixing with the world; and which many people are never after able to ſhake off.

This ſort of modeſty is ſaid to be highly commendable, and a token of hopeful preſage in youth. For my part, I cannot ſee why.—Is it not an advantage to be in poſſeſſion of all one's faculties? Can a baſhful perſon be ſo? While a little aſſurance, like the *Tincture of Sage*, gives a man *the perfect poſſeſſion of himſelf* *.

Can a man, who has a diffidence of his powers, either write, ſpeak, love, or fight, as well as he who repoſes a confidence in them? When we would caſt a reflection on the character of a ſoldier, need we uſe ſeverer terms than to ſay, *he is baſhful*—he is apt to be *embarraſſed* on the day of battle? &c.

* See Dr. Hill's advertiſement.

But

But were we to inveſtigate this ſame *imputed* merit, in the ſchool of philoſophy, we ſhould probably find that it has its foundation, not ſo much in the *modeſty* of others, as in the *vanity* of ourſelves. We naturally accept this *awe before us*, as a deference to our own ſuperior conſequence, and ſo are firſt *flattered*, before we *praiſe*.

As I am not much given to adulation myſelf, I never remember to have paid *a ſneaking compliment* of this ſort to any one in my life. I have ever ſat, walked, or converſed, at perfect eaſe, among perſons of the higheſt rank or genius—and ſhould be as much *aſhamed* of keeping a reſerve

over

over whatever little wit or parts I am poſſeſſed of, before people of ſuperior talents, as I ſhould be of ſlinking into a *ſlut's corner* of the room, becauſe there happened to be a taller or an handſomer man in company.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

WELL, reader—whether you be male or female—methinks I have proved myſelf *man enough* for you now; and what would you have more? You can have no right to expect any extraordinary adventures, or critical ſituations, in the life of a ſickly, home-bred, married, country parſon.

I have, indeed, had ſome—ſay many—connections, with certain anec-

anecdotes, or private memoirs, relative to others, that would moſt highly entertain you ; and I think I was never in a better humour for telling a ſtory in my life, than I happen to be at this very inſtant.—But *my heart fails me*.—Laugh at me as much as you pleaſe, and welcome—but I ſhall never make you merry *at the expence of my friends*.

With regard to myſelf, I have been ever a thinking—and who would think it?—rather than an active being. My mind indeed has been an *Errant-Knight*, but my body only a *ſimple Squire*—and it has been ſo harraſſed, and chivalried, with the wanderings and the wind-mills of its maſter, that

it

it has long wiſhed to *quit the ſervice*— frequently crying out, with Sancho, "a bleſſing on his heart who firſt *in-*"*vented* ſleep."

However, notwithſtanding the natural indolence of this ſame *body of me*, I have contrived to fulfil, completely, all the characteriſtics of man—Which ſome philoſopher ſpecifies to be theſe four—

To build an houſe—
To raiſe a tree—
To write a book—
And
To get a child.—

Theſe four cardinal virtues then, have I, already, moſt religiouſly performed—

formed—ſo as to be able, according to the moral of the ſtory of Protogenes and Apelles, told by Prior,

In life's viſit to leave my name.

Theſe are, all of them, believe me, *verb. facer.*—very pleaſant operations: inſomuch that I am really ſurprized men do not perform every one of them oftener than they do.—They are all of them, moreover, works the moſt expreſly imitative of creation.—'Tis to bring order out of chaos, to elicit light from darkneſs, and to ornament and people the face of the earth.

Go to—go to—ye idle vagabonds of the world—

Build

Build houſes—
Rear trees—
Write books—
And
Get children.—

Endeavour to leave ſome relative idea of yourſelves behind ye—ſo that if poſterity ſhould not happen to be ſorry *for your deaths*, let them have ſome reaſon at leaſt to be ſorry *that ye had not lived.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

A LETTER.

MADAM,

I CAN eaſily perceive how much you were diſappointed upon the cloſe of my laſt chapter.—You had reaſon, I confeſs, to have expected ſomething more arch from me upon that ſubject, than I have there treated you withal.

Quid tibi vis, mulier?

But I never pimp for others—and I happened not to be in a humour for

a joke *of any colour* myſelf in that ſection.—I have laboured under a ſevere fit of cholic and aſthma for ſome time paſt.—This is a great reformer of manners.—

Nay, ſo far have I carried my *literal modeſty* in that chapter, that where I ſpeak of the four characteriſtics of mankind, I comprehend them all under the philoſophical term of *Creation*—without diſtinguiſhing the latter article, as I might very fairly have done, by the *mechanical* technic of *Pro-creation*.—No—in that paſſage you ſee I have kept quite clear both of *Pro* and *Con*.

And again—where I come to mention this laſt *manœuvre*, I only make

uſe of the general word *get*—inſtead of introducing the obſtetrical one of *beget*; which, may it pleaſe your ladyſhip, would have pointed, you know, more directly *ad rem*.

I am, madam, &c.

T. J. U.

To the Counteſs of *****.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

THE LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

BUT in general I am not quite ſo guarded—I mean with reſpect to my expreſſions only:—For words ſometimes eſcape me, without correſponding ideas.—I happen unfortunately to be infected with a certain peculiar phraſeology, which, in the hurry of ſpeech, I can rarely command—and this makes me often appear to mean what may be very far from my thoughts at the time.

I have ſometimes ſcolded my ſervants, and rated my wife and children, with all imaginable ſerioufneſs—and when I have been ſhocked at their appearing to tremble too much, under the terrors of my wrath, think what a mortification it muſt have been—*to a man in a paſſion*—to perceive that their ſides were only ſhaking with laughter, at ſome odd image, or ridiculous expreſſion, I had ſtruck out, *at a heat*, unawares.

The ſame cannon ball that took off mareſçhal Turenne's head, carried away one of general St. Hilaire's arms.—His ſon ſtanding by, burſt into a paſſion of grief at his father's misfortune; who reproved him, ſaying,

ing, *Weep not, my child, for* me—*but for* him.

The generous concern, and nobleneſs of ſentiment, with which that brave man muſt have been affected at that inſtant, were ſo powerful over my nerves, that it *made my heart move within me, like the ſound of a trumpet* *.

I happened to repeat this ſtory once in company, and it had its effect—till concluding it, with theſe words—*pointing to the nameleſs corſe,* † *with the only hand he had left*—they

* So Sir Philip Sidney ſays of himſelf, whenever he heard the ballad of *Percy and Douglas*.

† Sine nomine corpus. VIRG.

all fell a-laughing.—I thought them brutes—but quickly recollecting myſelf, felt aſhamed.

Explaining the myſtery of the redemption once to a young templar, I happened to make an alluſion, adapted to his own ſcience, of the *levying a fine, and ſuffering a recovery*; this ſimile was repeated afterwards to my diſadvantage; and I was deemed an infidel thenceforward.

And why? merely becauſe I am a *merry* parſon, I ſuppoſe—for St. Patrick, the Iriſh patron, becauſe he was a grave one, was canonized for illuſtrating the Trinity by the compariſon of *a Shamrock* *.

* The Trefoil, or Trois-feuille.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

TO THE READER.

YOU complain—that is, I hope you do—of the ſhortneſs of my chapters—but if you would have them longer, you muſt take up with them duller.—There are but few ſubjects that can afford variety enough to entertain you through many pages.

Therefore, in ſteps the good old ſaying, with great propriety, here, that *two heads are better than one*—and my

arguments, like thoſe of *Hydra*, grow out of each other: as faſt as I diſpatch one, another ſprings up in its place.

But never fear, my good readers, for I ſhall make this work *as long* as I can, though not *ſo tedious* as I might. I uſe no *attorney arts* to protract a ſuit; and wiſh that the *Frederic-code* was to obtain in literature, as well as in law.

You ſhall certainly meet with ſubject matter ſufficient for your money, in theſe volumes—but you will find them all under the head, or chapter, of *ſhort cauſes*.

Few

Few words among friends are beſt, they ſay—fewer ſtill between enemies, I ſay.—And you muſt be one or t'other of theſe, believe me—for I defy your indifference.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

ANOTHER MAN's WIFE.

ABOUT a year before I was married, I received the following moſt extraordinary and intereſting letter—

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See Chapter XV. paragraph 2.

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But, as I was ſaying, what buſineſs, now-a-days, ſince the Reformation has expunged the good old practice of *confeſſing* out of our Ritual, can a parſon have with another man's wife?—To ſay that ſhe called upon me in her difficulties, and that I relieved her from want, and ſuccoured her in diſtreſs—and that theſe very conſiderations would have put it abſolutely out of my power to have attempted her, had I been ever ſo much a libertine—availed me not.—The reply was ſtill—*that ſhe was another man's wife.*

So

So that it ſeems all wives are to be treated like the queens of Spain — who, if they happen to tumble into a ditch, muſt be ſuffered to lie, kicking and ſprawling there, for life, till their royal conſort ſhall be at leiſure, or ſo diſpoſed, to go and take them out of it.

It is death for any ſubject to lay his prophane finger on her *majeſty*. And as the *crown-lawyers* have not yet been able to determine in what *point* of her moſt *ſacred perſon* her *divinity* reſides, hands off from every part of her body, has been always deemed the ſafeſt meaſure.

One of theſe *miſerables of ſtate* happened once to be thrown from her palfrey,

palfrey, on the pavement of the *Eſcurial*. Her *royal foot* ſtuck in the ſtirrup, and ſhe was dragged round the area for a conſiderable time, her faithful equerry running all the while by her ſide, his head turned averſe, his arm ſtretched out, and holding his hat between his thumb, index, and middle finger—as dancing-maſters teach you on a ſalute—over *her majeſty*—till king Don was ſummoned from council, to reſtore *this ſame majeſty* to decency again.—She might have loſt her life by the miniſterial magna charta of *precedent*.

This adventure of mine was the firſt thing that ever involved me in debt.—I was obliged to borrow two hun-

hundred pounds, beyond my own currency, upon this occaſion.—I had no ſufficient ſecurity to proffer.—But captain Le Fevre happened luckily, juſt then, to have ſold out of the army—*I mortgaged the ſtory* to him, and he lent me the money.

He was not a man to accept of intereſt, ſo I made him a preſent. He loved reading much.—A collection of ingenious and entertaining papers, ſtiled *The World*, happened to be juſt then collected together, and publiſhed, in four volumes.—I ſent them to him, with the following lines inſcribed.—They were the firſt rhimes I had ever attempted to tag in my life.

To

To Captain Lewis Le Fevre.

For one who *raſhly* lent me caſh, 'tis fit
That I ſhould make a *venture* too in wit.—
In vain I through my pericranium ſought:
But having heard, that *wit is beſt that's bought*,
I ſent to Dodſley's, for *theſe preſents few*,
To let all men know I am bound to you.
Great Sawney wept, that *one world* was no ſtore—
How happier you, who now may laugh at *four*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

EPIGRAM.

AFTER this chearful manner have I hitherto paſſed through life, diſappointments, and bad health—but not without ſuffering many ſevere ſtrictures on my diſſipation and unformality. The lightneſs of my manners has been reprehended often, though it ariſes really from the weight of my philoſophy. What is there in life that's worth a ſerious thought? And for the ſame reaſon, from having conceived a better opinion of Providence,

dence, than is generally reputed *orthodox*, I have been ſometimes deemed an infidel.

Upon the preſent theological computation, ten ſouls muſt be loſt for one that's ſaved.—At which rate of reckoning, heaven can raiſe but its *cohorts* *, while hell commands its *legions* †.—From which ſad account it would appear, that though our Saviour had conquered *death*, by the *reſurrection*, he had not yet been able to overcome *ſin*, by the *redemption*.

This ſurely muſt be moſt *damnable* arithmetic.—No—no—I think, that

* A body of only 500 men.

† A corps of 5000.

if we fairly give him all tyrants, uſurers, murderers, both of life and fame, your hypocrites, perjured lovers, and every *premier* upon record, except Sully, Walſingham, and Strafford, *who ſigned his own death-warrant, to ſave his king and country*, we do as much for the devil as he, *in all conſcience*, or your reverences for him, can *in juſtice* require *.

I happened to dine once with a friend of mine.—Wine was want-

* Hic quibus inviſi fratres, dum vita manebat,
Pulſatuſve parens, et fraus innexa clienti;
Aut qui divitiis ſoli incubuêre repertis,
Nec partem poſuêre ſuis; quæ maxima turba eſt:
Quique ob adulterium cæſi, quique arma ſecuti
Impia, nec veriti dominorum fallere dextras,
Incluſi pœnam expectant.———————

ing.—

ing.—He ſent me to the cellar.—It had been hewed out of a ſolid rock.—At my return into the room, I wrote the following extempore card to my hoſt, and threw it acroſs the table:

When Moſes ſtruck the rock with rod divine,
Cold water flow'd—yours yields us gen'rous wine—
So at *the marriage-feaſt*, the ſcriptures tell us,
That water turn'd to wine rejoic'd good fellows.

Some years after this very harmleſs ſport of fancy, theſe lines were quoted againſt me, by a certain biſhop, as a proof that I neither believed one word of the Old Teſtament, nor of the New.—This ſtopped my preferment.—I only ſmiled, and *preferred* myſelf—to him.

CHAP. XXI.

THE GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

SINCE I am in for it, I'll tell you another *excommunicable thing* I did.—Whether before, or after, I forget.—Is it any matter which?

In the city of ——————, the church was repairing, and the corporation of that town had accommodated the parish with their *Tholsel*, or town-house, as a chapel of ease, for the time.—There happened to have been

been an election for that city not long before.—Upon which *mercantile* occaſion, the worſhipful mayor, aldermen, &c. had notoriouſly - - - - -. —You know how elections are uſually carried on, and what admirable ſecurities they are become, of late, for our lives, liberties, and properties!

I was among the congregation one Sunday, when the goſpel for the day happened to be taken out of the nineteenth chapter of St. Luke, where our Saviour is ſaid to have driven *the buyers and ſellers* out of the temple. An *impetus* of honeſt indignation ſeized me.—I took out my pencil, and wrote the following haſty lines on one of the pannels of the pew I ſat in:

Whoever reads nineteenth of Luke, believes
The *houſe of prayer* was once *a den of thieves*—
Now, by permiſſion of our pious mayor,
A den of thieves is made *an houſe of prayer*.

I was obſerved.—I happened to have been admitted a freeman in that corporation ſome time before this incident; and having been detected in the above ſarcaſm, the mayor had my name immediately ſtruck out of the books, *ex officio* merely—without any manner of legal proceſs or pretence.

But here I had no reaſon to complain.—I had certainly, in this inſtance, been guilty of an *impiety* againſt the fraternity of this corporation—and they reſented it *like men*—I am only

fur-

ſurprized at the fallibility of your *divines*.—

Among whom there are many pious ejaculators, who think that I ought to have been excommunicated long ago.—However, I am ſure that I am well enough intitled to be received a prieſt, in the Perſian temples at leaſt—as all the initiated were obliged to paſs firſt through a noviciate of reproach and pain, to give proofs of their being free from paſſion, reſentment, and impatience.

I am in the ſame predicament with Cato the cenſor—not in the ſeverity of his diſcipline, I confeſs—but in the particular, at leaſt, of his having

been *fourſcore* times accuſed.—But he had the advantage of fairer trials than ever I had—for he was as often *acquitted*.

God forgive them! But I forgive them their prayers, in return, on account of an old proverb.—Need I repeat it?

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

TOLERATION——OR PERSECUTION.

I WAS ſpeaking of theſe things one day to Voltaire, and he wiſhed me joy of the great happineſs and advantages of living in a country where ſuch expreſſions and alluſions, which ignorance or malice might be capable of conſtruing into treaſon or blaſphemy againſt church or ſtate, could eſcape the Inquiſition or Baſtile.

He then put into my hand his treatiſe on *Toleration*, which had been

but

but juſt publiſhed.—It is written, like all his works, with great ſpirit, wit, and learning, to prove, what no fool could ever yet diſpute, that perſecution, *for God's ſake*, is a moſt wicked thing, and contrary to reaſon, nature, and ſcripture.

It appears an extraordinary thing to me, that ſince there is ſuch a diabolical ſpirit, in the depravity of human nature, as perſecution for difference of opinion in religious tenets, there never happened to be any *inquiſition*, any *auto de fé*, any *cruſade*, among the Pagans.—

That during the ages of ignorance and barbarity, while the devil, as

divines

divines tell us, governed the church, equivocated in their oracles, ordained impurities, and commanded human ſacrifices, brethren were not ſet againſt brethren, nor nation againſt nation, in *civil fury*, or in *pious war*.—

But that, as ſoon as it had pleaſed God, by miraculous interpoſition, to take the church into his own hands, ſo ſhocking and impious an æra ſhould thence commence—that the word of peace ſhould call forth the ſword, and the precepts of love and concord produce hatred and diſſention.

The chriſtian—ſay *un*-chriſtian—prieſt informs me, the reaſon of this remark-

remarkable difference was, that the heathen happened to have no one article of *belief* worth the quarreling about—as they univerſally ſuppoſed the ſoul to periſh with the body.—*Poſt mortem nihil eſt*, was their creed.—And that even thoſe few, among the philoſophers, who admitted of a *poſt-exiſtence*, at the ſame time denied *an hell*.—*Non eſt unus*, ſays Cicero, *tam excors, qui credat*.

Thus then, continues the *good catholic*, while the whole of human exiſtence was ignorantly ſuppoſed to have been comprehended within the pale of mortal life, peace, friendſhip, and good-will, were, moſt certainly, pre-

preferable to war, enmity, and perſecution.

But when the immortal ſoul was once put under the care of *Chriſt's Vicar here on earth*—how totally unworthy to be ſtiled *Prieſts of the Lamb*, and *Oracles of the Dove*, muſt thoſe *divines* be, who would not caſt the body of an heretic *into the flames* * !

I *cannot help* differing in opinion from the orthodoxy of this *true catholic* tenet; and am more in-

* The popiſh text for *broiling*, is taken from that paſſage in ſcripture, where it is ſaid, hominem hæreticum *devita*—which laſt word they conſtrue into *de vitâ tollere.*

clined

chined to agree with Cicero, in the paſſage above quoted, though he was but groping in the dark himſelf.—For to believe a ſoul, and damn it, methinks, is not *light*—but *lightning*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

MY RELIGION.

WHAT are my own notions about religion? you aſk me.—I'll tell you.—I am now on my death-bed.

I have both conviction and faith enough in that article to become a methodiſt, and ſpiritual warmth ſufficient to render me an enthuſiaſt that way; but that, I thank God, I have never yet been wicked enough to ruſh into ſuch extravagancies.

Paſſions muſt be combated by paſſion.—Therefore, your grievous ſinners generally turn devotees.—This is the natural conſequence of a ſort of people, who, though a paradox, are common enough in life, *qui credunt multum, et peccant fortitèr.*

For my own part, I truſt that the gentle breezes of the eſtabliſhed orthodoxy of our church may be ſtrong enough to waft my ſoul to heaven.—I have not ſuch a weight of ſin ſuſpended at the tail of my kite, as to require a ſtorm to raiſe it.—And ſince the ceaſing of the oracles, I think that a perſon may be inſpired with ſufficient grace, without falling into convulſions.

I am

I am as certain that there is a God above, as that I myſelf am here below.—My certainty is the ſame—for how otherwiſe did I come here?

"Tell, if ye ſaw, how came I thus? how here?
"Not of myſelf."————

He muſt love virtue, and deteſt vice.—Conſequently, He muſt both reward and puniſh.—If we are not *accountable* creatures, we are ſurely the moſt *unaccountable* animals on the face of the earth.

After the ſpirit is fled, and his body periſhed in the grave, does the reſurrection of man combat thy vain philoſophy?—Conſult the *caterpillar*, thou ignorant, and the *butterfly* ſhall re-

ſolve thee.—In its firſt ſtate, ſluggiſh, helpleſs, inert—crawling on the face of the earth, and groſsly feeding on the herbage of the field.—After its metamorphoſis, its *reſurrection*, a winged ſeraph, gorgeous to behold, light as air, active as the wind, ſipping aurorean dew, and extracting nectareous eſſences, from aromatic flowers *.

Has not the improbable fable of the Hydra's heads been long ſince verified—nay even exceeded, beyond the bounds of the moſt extravagant fiction, as being abſolutely contrary

* Pſyche, in the Greek language, ſignifies both *a butterfly*, and *the ſoul*.

to

to the whole courſe of nature before known—by the *polypus*, which *generates by ſection?*—The analogies of nature ſufficiently point out the ways of Providence.

Muſt every thing be impoſſible, which our inſufficience cannot account for? Are there not innumerable myſteries in nature, which accident reveals, or experimental philoſophy demonſtrates to us, every day? And ſhall we yet preſume to limit the powers of the great Author of that very nature?

What was it that created matter? What was it that gave that matter motion? What was it that to matter

and motion added ſenſation? What was it that ſuperadded to theſe, conſciouſneſs, intelligence, and reflection? What was it, great God, what was it!—Reſolve me, ye infidels, what it was.—Till then, be dumb.—O ſaddeſt folly!

1. Lewenhoeck, by the help of his glaſſes, ſhews you certain fibres in the body of a full grown man, ſo very fine, that ſix hundred of them, combined together, but compoſe the thickneſs of a ſingle hair of his head.

2. He alſo demonſtrates to you, through the ſame medium, that a grain of ſand is large enough to cover one hundred and twenty-five thouſand

ſand of the orifices through which we daily tranſpire.

3. Water can be made to freeze *in the middle of ſummer*, provided that 'tis brought *cloſe to the fire*.

4. A lens of *ice* may be uſed as a *burning-glaſs*.

5. A line of but *an inch long*, is capable of being divided into as many parts as one of *a mile in length*.

6. *The ſun* is ſome millions of miles nearer to us *in winter* than *in ſummer*.

7. When a perſon travels round the earth, his head goes many thouſand miles further than his heels.

 8. There

8. There are two lines, in mathematic certainty, which may continue to approximate, *ad infinitum*, without even a poſſibility of ever coming into contact with each other *.

Prithee, now, my good infidels, is there any one article of *faith*, in the whole chriſtian creed, which appears to be more contrary to reaſon or probability, than theſe eight foregoing propoſitions? And yet they are all of them capable, either of experimental proof, or mathematical demonſtration.

Can any perſon, who is capable of making ſuch reflections as theſe, be

* The aſſymptotes of an hyperbola.—See Conic Sections.

ever

ever ſuppoſed an infidel to either natural or revealed religion? They muſt have a faith *of incredulity*, who could give credit to ſuch a ſuppoſition.—*Qui ſtudet, orat*, is a juſt expreſſion.

CHAP. XXIV.

THE CONVERT.

I HAPPENED to have an intimacy once with a man of ſenſe and virtue; but who had, at the ſame time, a certain indolence of mind, that ſuffered him to acquieſce in the opinions of others, without ever taking the trouble to examine them. He had more wit than wiſdom; and a jeſt was an argument to him, as well as it was with Shaftſbury *.

* Who makes *Ridicule* the teſt of Truth.

I loved and pitied him—to have virtue enough to act rightly, and yet not ſenſe ſufficient to judge ſo! We have had frequent converſations on this ſubject.—He ſaid often, that he would give the world to be able to think as I did, and begged my aſſiſtance.

I ſoon made him *a deiſt*, without any other help than my own poor philoſophy.—I then put Duncan Forbes's *Thoughts upon religion* into his hands *. He read the book carefully through,

* The argument he urges, is, that expiation, by the means of blood and ſacrifice, which runs through all the Jewiſh and Pagan rites, was ſo irrational an idea, that nothing but an origi-

through, and returned it to me, with this reflection, written at the foot of the laſt page, "Thou almoſt per-"ſuadeſt me to be a chriſtian."

I then preſented him with Paſchal's *Thoughts* on the ſame ſubject *.

original revelation of the method of redemption, which was thereafter to obtain in the Chriſtian ſyſtem of Providence, could poſſibly have ever induced the belief and practice of it.

* In his *Provincial Letters*, one of the ſtrongeſt proofs he offers for the truth of Chriſtianity, ariſes from the very obſtinacy of a whole race of people, who continue ſtill to deny it. Upon this account he ſtiles the Jews *a ſtanding miracle*, becauſe they have ever ſince remained under the remarkable deſcription of the *prophetic curſe*.

He

He returned them to me ſoon after, with this indorſement on the cover, "*I am not only almoſt, but altogether* "*ſuch as thou art*—except in the "abſurd and unphiloſophical notion "of tranſubſtantiation."

Make a perſon but a ſound moraliſt firſt, and it muſt be then owing to indolence or ignorance, rather than to impiety or infidelity, if you cannot afterwards make him become a chriſtian. I have had the ſatisfaction ever ſince to ſee this worthy man *add faith to good works*, and live an orthodox and exemplary life, both in belief and practice.

Which that we may all do, &c.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

CHEARFULNESS.

IT is this true ſenſe of religion that has rendered my whole life ſo chearful as it has ever ſo remarkably been—to the great offence of your *religioniſts*. Though why, prithee, ſhould *prieſts* be always grave? Is it ſo *ſad a thing* to be a parſon?

Be ye as one of theſe, ſaith the Lord—that is, as merry as little children.—*The Lord loveth a chearful giver*—why not a chearful *taker* alſo? The *thirty-nine articles* are incomplete,

complete, without a fortieth precept, injoining chearfulneſs.—Or you may let the number ſtand as it does at preſent, provided you expunge the thirteenth article, and place this heavenly maxim in the room of it.

Might not the archbiſhop of Caſhel—I don't mean this man by any means—have been a ſound divine, though he added the arch ſtanza about Broglio to the old Iriſh ballad *? Did the biſhop—not the earl—of Rocheſter's poem, on the *man-like* properties of a lady's fan, ever impeach his orthodoxy in the leaſt?

* In praiſe of Moll Roe.

Helio-

Heliodorus, biſhop of ——, I forget where—was deprived of his ſee, becauſe he wrote *Theagenes and Chariclea*.—This was doubly abſurd in the pope.—Here his holineſs's infallibility happened to overſhoot the mark.—In the firſt place, there was nothing either arch or heterodox in the whole novel.—In the next, was not the circumſtance of *a white child* being generated from *black parents*, by the impreſſion of an European portrait hanging at the foot of the bridal couch, a corroboration—if it wanted one—of the ſcripture philoſophy about the *ſtreaked goats*?—I begin to ſuſpect, that your popes are like other men, after all.

Plato

Plato and Seneca—and ſurely they were both grave and wiſe enough to have been conſecrated—thought that a ſenſe of chearfulneſs and joy ſhould ever be encouraged in children, from their infancy—not only on account of their healths, but as *productive of true virtue*.—Which is the literal tranſlation of their very words—as far as I am able to conſtrue Greek or Latin.

Chearfulneſs, even to gaiety, is conſonant with every ſpecies of virtue, and practice of religion.—I think it inconſiſtent only with impiety or vice.—*The ways of heaven are pleaſantneſs*.—We adore, we praiſe, we thank the Almighty, in hymns, in ſongs, in anthems—and thoſe ſet to muſic

muſic too.—Let *O! be joyful*, be the chriſtian's pſalm—and leave the ſad Indian to incant the devil, with tears and ſcreeches.

When the Athenians pictured an *owl*, as the bird of wiſdom, they never meant the *ſcreech-owl*, ſurely.—But indeed I think, with their leave, that the *ſparrow* would have been a fitter emblem of true wiſdom, as being the *merrieſt* and *moſt loving* bird of the air.

There have been ſome popes who would have excommunicated me for ſuch an alluſion as this.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

A SAD REFLECTION.

THAT there ſhould ever be ſo much irreligion in the world! That thoſe—for this renders the evil irremediable—whoſe greateſt intereſt it muſt certainly be to ſtrengthen and ſupport this great, this only bulwark of our lives and properties, ſhould become the greateſt examples, and principal encouragers, of infidelity!

I mean thoſe, whom the world, by a ſtrange abuſe of terms, ſtiles *the*

Great.—Theſe have certainly an higher ſtake, at the hazard of vice, immorality, and impiety, than perſons in the middle ranks of life—who happily ſtand a *phalanx* between them and the vulgar.

And yet—other knaves but ſacrifice their ſpiritual to their temporal intereſt.—Theſe moſt eſpecial worthies, at once both knaves and fools, equally ſquander both.—Good lack! good lack!—But men are worſe than they need be, though there were neither hell nor gibbet in the queſtion.—

Such thoughts and reflections as theſe might well become a ſermon.—But novels are more read at preſent than,

than ſerious diſcourſes. I muſt therefore uſe the moſt convenient vehicle for inſtruction — imitating Doctor Young, who wrote *a play*, for the propagation of *the goſpel* *. And I ſhall ever take care, for the reſt of my life, that all my writings ſhall be, if not *ſermonic*, *ſermoni propiora* at leaſt.

But enough for the preſent of my ſentiments and opinions, and let us go on a little further with the ſeries of ſmall adventures in my deſultory life.

* The Brothers—the profits of which he conſecrated to the ſociety for propagting the goſpel in foreign parts.

CHAP. XXVII.

MELANCHOLY.

BUT as my whole ſcheme of life is *pleaſure*, I ſometimes *indulge myſelf* in the dear and heart-felt enjoyments of *melancholy*.—I weep gladly.—I give my tears, not *grudgingly*, *nor of neceſſity*, but like my alms, with chearfulneſs.

Were I to be anatomized anew, I do moſt ſolemnly declare, that I would ſooner part with my *riſible* than my *flebilis* muſcles.—Sympathy

is the great *magnet*—the cement of life.—And my concord is ſtronger with the wretched than the happy—for philanthropy is my *primum mobile*, and pity is an augment to paſſion.

I can *treat* myſelf, whenever I pleaſe.—I have loſt ſome friends! *I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deep*—ſtrike at my breaſt, and find them there—Poor Le Fevre! unhappy Maria! my loſt, my ever dear Eliza!

Or I can read *Sampſon Agoniſtes*.—He muſt have either a weak head, or ſtrong eyes, who can peruſe the firſt ſpeech of that poem without tears—particularly the latter part of it, where he laments his loſs of ſight.

Milton wrote it from his own feelings—and his blindneſs has often dimmed my ſight.

But whenever I have a mind for a thorough *feaſt* of weeping, I need only turn over to the hiſtory of Sir Thomas More's life, and read that paſſage in it, where his daughter, Mrs. Roper, meets him in the ſtreet, returning to the Tower, immediately after his condemnation.—My father! Oh! my father!

Sad luxury, to vulgar minds unknown!

The mere title of a book, long ſince loſt, ſtiled, *Lamentatio glorioſi regis, Edvardi de Karnarvan, quam edidit tempore ſuæ incarcerationis*—The lamenta-

lamentation of the glorious king Edward of Karnarvan, which he compoſed during his impriſonment—ſunk my ſpirits for a whole day.—The oppoſition between the two firſt words (in the Latin), and then again between the third and laſt, affected me greatly.—And though it was a very old ſtory, I could not help feeling, for ſome time, as if I had heard ſome bad news.

But ſuch things as theſe have not their effect upon every one.—*The many* read only with their *eyes*, and *hear* only with their *ears*.—*The few* peruſe with their whole ſoul, and liſten with all their feelings.—Intui-

tion and ſenſibility are the only organs of genius or of virtue.

The general hardneſs of heart one meets with among mankind, might tempt us to give credit to the old fable of *Deucalion*, and ſuppoſe men to be generated from ſtones.—Or one might fancy the world to be grown ſo corrupt of late, that the ſacred Perſon who had taken the ſalvation of mankind upon himſelf, has thought fit to intruſt only a *few*, now-a-days, with the keeping of their own ſouls; and has kindly taken out thoſe of *the many*, and locked them up ſafe, in *limbo patrûm*, out of harm's way, till the *day of judgment*.

How-

However, I dare not long, nor often, rejoice in this *luxury of woe*.—My nerves are weak.—I can command my mirth, but not restrain my melancholy.—

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

SENSIBILITY.

WHEN I have been reading tragedy, or affecting paſſages in hiſtory, poetry, or even in romance, aloud before others, my eyes have filled, and my voice has faultered.—I attended for the ſame effect in my auditors—but inſtead of tears at my recital, have frequently found them laughing at my emotion.

I have retired aſhamed—not at them, but at myſelf.—I have ſuſ-

pected

pected my own weakneſs, rather than theirs—and the vanity of imagining I had ſympathized with angels, has been ſunk into the humiliating idea of my being ſuſceptible of a greater foible than mortals—I have begun to doubt the ſtrength of my own intellects, and for ſome time kept a jealous guard over all my words and actions.

But the countenance and ſentiment of a few ſuperior ſpirits have, for a while, given me confidence once more.—Again have I attempted the ſame experiment, and have again been baniſhed to the ſame mortifying reflections—endeavouring ſtill to ſteel

my

my heart againſt another's woe—in vain.—

Fine feelings are laughed at by the world, and ridiculed by the ſtoical philoſophy, as a weakneſs.—This is too apt to put delicate minds out of countenance; who, in order to appear *wiſe*, conceal their ſenſibility, and affect a character *above human nature*, from the example of thoſe only who are *below it*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

A REFLECTION ON MYSELF.

WHAT an hard fate is mine! with all the ſpirit, the frolic, the chearfulneſs, the tender affections, of youth, not to have nerves reſponſible to my feelings!—I want them not for my own enjoyments—but would have activity and vigour for the ſole purpoſes of others.

I look wiſtfully often at young women.—This is one of the things that has been miſconſtrued in me.—

The

The world are but bad *grammarians* of my principles or character.—'Tis not their beauty I covet, but their youth I envy.—I look as fondly at men too—yet am no *pathic*.—I kiſs little children as I meet them in the ſtreets—but am no kid-napper:—I would live among them, like old *Hermippus* *, if I could—not for the ſake of life—but love.

'Twould ſound like blaſphemy, to ſay what I would do or ſuffer for the ſake of mankind.

* He is ſaid to have attained to an extreme age, by playing conſtantly with boys and girls—nouriſhing his old lungs with the balſamic effluvia of their young breaths.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

Continuation of Chapter XXVII.

THE MAD LOVER.

—OR I can recollect ſome ſcenes of madneſs I have—*not purpoſely*—been a witneſs of—particularly one, of a Cambridge ſcholar, who had unhappily fallen in love with his own ſiſter.—His paſſion and deſpair had proved too ſtrong for his virtue or his reaſon.

"Was not Juno both wife and "ſiſter of Jove? Adam and Eve "were

" were ſurely nearer relations than
" we are.—Their children, at leaſt,
" were brothers and ſiſters—and yet
" were wedded to each other.—
" Were not Amnon and Thamar
" married—or as good?—ſuch mar-
" riages as it was thought proper to
" permit in thoſe times.—The mode,
" indeed, is changed now-a-days.—
" And why?—'Twere impious to
" ſay, that Omnipotence was under
" *a neceſſity* of diſpenſing with *ne-*
" *ceſſary forms* in the beginning.—He
" could have created a parſon, ſooner
" than he would have permited a
" crime.—If Sarah was not Abra-
" ham's ſiſter, he certainly told a
" moſt damnable lie to Abimelech."

When

When they told him, in order to quiet his impatience, that his ſiſter was dead, he ſwore it was impoſſible, becauſe that he himſelf continued ſtill alive.—"We are already one "fleſh, ſaid he, and the ſympathy is "ſo ſtrong between us, that I know "when ſhe is hungry, wakes, ſneezes, "or - - - - -. *She* had a diabetes, "about half a year ago, and it had "like to have killed *me*;—but *I* "drank plentifully of marſhmallows "tea, and it effectually cured *her*.— "*She* ſleeps ill a-nights, and it breaks "*my* reſt.—*She* has foul dreams ſome-"times—I am angry with her for "that.—I have done all in my power, "continued he, by faſting and "prayer, to cure this wickedneſs in

" *myſelf* ; but *her* wantonneſs is too " ſtrong for *me*."

Moſt of thoſe who were preſent laughed much at all this extravagance.—I wept.—One of the company obſerving my emotion, ſaid, I preſume, Sir, that you know this poor gentleman.—Yes, I replied, recollecting myſelf, better than he does himſelf.

I walked immediately out of the room.—I am ſenſible of a ſympathy in my own nature, even ſtronger than his.—I feel for all the ills and ails of thoſe who are neither my brothers nor my ſiſters, except in the ſcripture ſenſe.

The

The Mahometans have a veneration for lunatics—saying, that *God hath favourably deprived them of their ſenſes, in order to render them guiltleſs to ſin.*—I am a *Muſſul-man.*—

CHAP. XXXI.

DOCTOR SWIFT.

'TIS natural to ſpeak of a thing, when one thinks of it. In truth, unleſs one is apt to ſpeak without any thought at all, how is it poſſible to do it at any other time?

But the ſubject of my laſt chapter has brought the biography of Doctor Swift into my mind. It is worthy to be remarked, that this extraordinary perſon, in his voyage to Laputa, ſpeaking of people who had loſt their ſenſes,

ſenſes, adds, *which is a ſcene that never fails to render me melancholy.*

In another place, he imagines a ſet of men, whom he ſtiles *Struldbrugs*, who had outlived their reaſon and every enjoyment of life.

And in his will, he bequeaths his whole fortune to found an hoſpital for ideots and lunatics. He becomes himſelf a *Strulbrug*, before the years of dotage*; and dies the firſt tenant to his own endowment.

* There is no ſuch ſtage in life. *Senilis ſtultitia, quæ deliratio appellari ſolet, ſenum levium eſt, non omnium.* Cic.

If theſe events had happened to have been a matter of any great conſequence to the world, an hiſtorian would not have failed to have made a large comment upon ſuch extraordinary and concurring circumſtances—inſiſting ſtrongly on his *prophetical* ſympathy.

The Lord preſerve us all in our ſenſes to the laſt—and after *the laſt* too.—For I truſt in God, that I never ſhall be wicked enough to compound for being rendered *guiltleſs to ſin*, upon the Mahometan ſuperſtition.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

THE PAYMENT.

THE method I contrived, in order to liquidate my *pecuniary* obligations to Le Fevre, was this:

I happened to be acquainted with a young man, who had been bound apprentice to a ſtationer in York.—He had juſt then finiſhed his time, come to ſet up in London, and had rented *a window* in one of the flagged alleys in the city.

I hired one of the panes of glaſs from my friend, and ſtuck up the following advertiſement on it with a wafer:

" Epigrams, anagrams, paragrams,
" chronograms, monograms, epi-
" taphs, epithalamiums, prologues,
" epilogues, madrigals, interludes,
" advertiſements, letters, petitions,
" memorials, on every occaſion.—
" Eſſays on all ſubjects.—Pamphlets,
" for or againſt the miniſtry.—With
" ſermons, upon any text, or for
" any ſect—to be written here on
" reaſonable terms—

" By A— B— Philologer."

N. B. *The greateſt honour and ſecrecy may be depended on.*

The

The uncommonneſs of ſeveral of the above titles raiſed the curioſity of the public extremely.—So that beſides the applications made to me for the *uſeful ſpecies of literature*, ſuch as advertiſements, petitions, and memorials, many more were made for the chronograms, monograms, paragrams, &c. merely to ſee the nature of them.

At night—or to expreſs myſelf more poetically—when the evening had aſſumed its *duſk-gown*, I uſed privately to glide into my office, to digeſt the notes or heads of the day, and receive the *earneſts*, which were directed always to be left with the memorandums.—

The

The writing to be paid for on the delivery; according to the nature, extent, or importance of the ſubjects.—A bit of French, to be an additional ſixpence—a ſcrap of Latin, price a ſhilling—and a ſentence of Greek, which I uſed to pick up, now-and-then, when I happened to drink a diſh of tea with Miſs Carter, was always charged at half a crown.

All improper applications, immoral ſubjects, ſimoniacal propoſals, or libertine overtures, were, with ſcorn and deteſtation, rejected.—*I held no office oppoſite to St. Peter.*—The notes of theſe kinds were thrown into the fire, but the earneſts retained, as the fines of iniquity.

The

The ocean of vice and folly, that opened itſelf to my view, during the period I continued in this odd department of life, ſhocked and diſguſted me ſo much, that the very moment I had realized Le Fevre's ſum, and diſcharged the rent of my *pane*, I cloſed the horrid ſcene—or, to expreſs myſelf more properly in this caſe—*ſtopped up the common ſewer.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIII.

NURSING.

THE reaſon why our anceſtors, in the higher ranks of life, were more remarkable for bravery and chaſtity than we are, was, becauſe the mothers in thoſe days uſed to *nurſe their own children*.—They were therefore alimented with the ſame juices and humors they brought into the world with them; and bred up, even from their infant notices, intire ſtrangers to vice, meanneſs, or folly.

If

If our preſent race of *mamma's* be indifferent about *the blood and humors* of the infant, which the ſuffering it to be nurtured by an alien argues her to be, what needs ſhe trouble herſelf about the leſs precious parts of *fleſh and bones?* Then any other perſon's child might ſerve her as well as her own—and ſhe may have the advantage, beſides, of choice, both with regard to beauty and gender.—I think that ladies may as well get others to *bear* as to *nurſe* children for them.

Pray, would it not be but common charity, in all *tender* huſbands, to have ſuch wives, on the firſt alarm, *amazoned* of both their breaſts, in order

der to prevent the fatal conſequences of cancers, milk fevers, and other diſorders, incident, alas! to all *unnatural* or *unnurſing* mothers?

And if our *papa's* alſo be equally careleſs about this matter—as by their preſent ſupineneſs and acquieſcence, with regard to ſo material a point, they would incline us to ſuſpect—prithee, might not

" Some beggar's brat, on bulk begot,
" Or offspring of a pedlar Scot—
" Some boy bred up to cleaning ſhoes,
" The ſpawn of Bridewell, or the Stews—
" Or vagrant race, the ſpurious pledges,
" Of gypſies littering under hedges *, "—

* Swift's Rhapſody.

be as reſponſible heirs to their names and fortunes, as theſe ſad *outcaſts* of their own loins?

A foal *of blood* may be ſuckled into *a garran*.—I have myſelf tried the inſtance; and do here recommend it to be added to the courſe of experimental philoſophy, which Bacon, Boyle, and Derham, have ſo properly hinted to the adepts in ſcience.

For my own part, I have great reaſon to reſent this ſcandalous neglect in parents—having ſo ſeverely ſuffered for it in myſelf—both in character and preferment.—For though I am a moſt rigid moraliſt in my principles, and, bating me but about one thou-

ſand

ſand ſeven hundred, and I forget how many years, a *primitive* chriſtian alſo—completely armed, at all the *cardinal points*—yet I don't know how it is, but I actually do not feel myſelf always ſufficiently poſſeſſed of that *virtuous uncharitability* againſt women of *remiſs chaſtity*, that becomes true *modern piety* to expreſs or exerciſe.

Now this natural imbecility, this moral frailty, this ſame laxity of virtue in me, call it what you will—I confeſs the weakneſs, and am not nice about the phraſe—I do moſt philoſophically impute wholly to the *milkineſs* of my nurſe—who happened, unluckily for me, to be ſervant maid

to the *parſon* of the pariſh—and her name was *Dorothy*.—

No, no—the influence of certain names upon the future fortunes of children, that my poor anxious father uſed to make ſuch a pother about, believe me, is not by half ſo material a point as the other.—Whether I had been aſperſed by the name of *Triſtram*, *Triglyph*, or *Tria*, were, in all probability, a matter wholly indifferent to my future advancement in life.—No—it was, alas! the milk of Dorothy that limited the bounds of my preferment.

You ſhall hear.

CHAP. XXXIV.

AN HITCH IN PREFERMENT.

THE tenderneſs of my expreſſions, with regard to all *ſyncopes* of this ſort; with the humanity, charity, and forgiveneſs, I have frequently procured to be ſhewn by others, towards ſome unfortunates in this claſs, have induced reflections on my own character, that have been a conſiderable diſadvantage to my canonical progreſs in life.

A certain biſhop, who would allow none but Chriſt to ſit with *publicans* and

and *ſinners*, replied to a friend of mine, who was ſoliciting a benefice for me—"I can never think of pre-"ferring *Triſtram*—not ſo much on "account of the freedom of his "writings, as the latitude of his "life."—But Yorick—Yorick, my lord.—"Nay, the utmoſt that I "ſhould think even Yorick intitled to, "taking that article into the context "with his works, would be, to be "appointed chaplain to *a regiment of* "*dragoons*."

And a certain lady, who is what the French ſtile *un diſeur de bon mots*, when I was aſking her for ſome ſubſcriptional aid once toward ſending an unhappy young woman home to

her friends, who had been inveigled from Bath, ſome years ago, on pretence of marriage, and then caſt off *upon the public*, refuſed her charity, and called me, in alluſion to my ſpectral figure, and abſolving prieſthood, *the ghaſtly father* of the *chapels of eaſe* in the pariſh of *Covent-Garden*.

Thus did the exceſs of my charity leſſen that of others.—

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

PRUDES.

WHEN I hear women inveigh too vehemently againſt the objects of this misfortune, I am apt to ſuſpect their hearts to be a good deal inflamed, with a certain *envious jealouſy*—according to the poet,

" Prudes rather envy, than abhor the crime."

—Who, in *revenge* for thoſe pleaſures that they themſelves remain perhaps untempted to, *provokes* them to denounce the penalties of *the world*, *the*

fleſh, and the devil, againſt ſuch *interlopers*.

The ſelf-ſufficient prudes embattled ſtood,
Near hand, but none t' aſſiſt the vanquiſh'd flies;
Their neighbours ranks they ſaw with joy ſubdu'd,
With ſpiteful mirth triumphant in their eyes—
With ſcoffs, and *wiſe reproaches*; they upbraid
Thoſe that o'erpower'd, for help or pity call.
And can they yield to ——— ? in rage they ſaid,
Unaided, helpleſs, let the wretches fall.——
Themſelves were now attack'd, the reſt o'erthrown,
And weakneſs ſcorn'd ſo late, too ſoon became their own.

BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

In truth, I have ſeldom heard a woman ſpeak with violence upon this ſubject, who was either of an eſtabliſhed or an unſuſpicious character.

Prior

Prior deſcribes theſe kind of *virtuoſo's* moſt admirably, in his *Paulo Purganti;*

She to intrigues was e'en hard-hearted,
And chuckled, when a bawd was carted.
But, in an honeſt way, the dame—&c.

And Pope,

A fool to pleaſure, but a ſlave to fame.

And yet ſtronger ſtill in another place,

A very heathen, in her carnal part,
But ſtill a ſad, good chriſtian, at her heart.

If what I have ſaid, and theſe poets have ſung, be not the *natural* reaſon of the fact, prithee, why ſuch partial diſtinction between the *undoer*

and the *undone?* Why, ladies, dutcheſſes, and counteſſes, is the latter—below a certain rank—branded with infamy; while the former,

"Whoſe harden'd front, unbluſhing, unappall'd,
"Laughs at reproaches, and enjoys diſgrace,"

is ſo favourably accepted of, in the aſſemblies of the fair?

If what I have hinted, be not the real ſtate of the caſe, why ſhould theſe obdurate females, whom Will Honeycomb ſtiles the *outrageouſly virtuous*, be more ſevere againſt ------ than againſt *thieves?* For ſurely, in ethics, it muſt be a leſs crime to give *what is one's own*, than to take what *belongs to another*.

A fail-

A failure in *chaſtity* may be a breach of duty toward one's ſelf; but a want of *charity* is certainly ſo againſt one's neighbour.—

In fine, I fancy that your *chaſte* ladies ſeem to conſider love as their peculiar merchandiſe; and look upon courteſans as *ſmugglers*, who underſell the *fair trader*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THE BREECHES-MAKER.

BESIDES, really—as I hope there are none but philoſophers by—there are ſo many ways for a woman to be undone, without the imputation either of vice or wantonneſs—ſuch accidents, incidents, contingencies, and ſynchroniſms, may happen in her way through life, that unleſs every circumſtance can be fairly ſtated, and candidly weighed—which muſt be the great uſe of the *day of judgment*—it is morally impoſſible for

for any man, *hors d'elle*, to determine whether the fair delinquent may have been moſt deſerving of infamy or compaſſion.

I have known ſeveral of theſe equivocal caſes myſelf;—two of which I think proper to indulge the curioſity of my reader with in this place, by way of ſpecifying my argument merely.—

The firſt inſtance was a very pretty modeſt young woman, that was only daughter to the clerk of the firſt pariſh I ever officiated in. She had been moſt carefully brought up, went conſtantly to church with her father, morning and evening; ſat upon a

little ſtool in the aile, juſt under the deſk; and having a moſt tuneable voice, uſed generally to help him to raiſe the pſalm.—

There had never appeared the leaſt turn of lightneſs, forwardneſs, or *flirtation*, in any part of this good girl's behaviour, as ſhe grew np. There are uſually certain *patterns* pointed out in every country village; and *Miſs Amen* was the paragon of our pariſh—till about the age of ſeventeen, ſhe happened ſuddenly to diſappear—becauſe, it ſeems, ſhe found herſelf, as we were ſoon after informed, to be *too big to be ſeen.*

The place of her concealment was kept a profound ſecret from us all for

ſome

ſome months, till after the fair eloper had become the *ſorrowful mother* of a child; when I received a private billet from her, intreating me to grant her an interview the next day, at a little cottage about five miles from the town I lived in; and begging that I would come alone.

My humanity, with a little mixture of *femality*, namely curioſity, induced me to obey the ſummons moſt punctually.—I went.—She threw herſelf on her knees before me, covered her face with her hand, and wept bitterly—*but not alone.*—

After I had ſpoken comfort to her ſoul, by preaching to her the great

efficacy of repentance, and calmed her mind, by promiſing to mediate a reconciliation between her and her unhappy parents, the ſecond part of my errand operated ſo ſtrongly on me, that I began to queſtion her, in the ſtile of a confeſſor, about the whole proceſs, the commencement, progreſs, and arts which had led to, or were laid for, her undoing.

She anſwered me, with a frankneſs and a candour that fully perſuaded me of her truth and ingenuouſneſs.—She declared to me, that her failure had not proceeded in the leaſt either from paſſion or from vice;—that ſhe had never in her life been ſenſible of any warm deſire,

prompt-

prompting her from within, nor had even ſuſtained any ſtrong ſolicitation, urging her from without.—

No, reverend Sir, exclaimed the fair penitent, with an heavy ſigh, it was nothing of all this, that I am to be cruelly reproached with upon this ſad occaſion.—It was—it was, alas! my father's trade alone that thus hath wrought my overthrow.—

Your father's trade! his trade! I replied, with ſurprize, the cauſe of your ruin!—But ſo indeed the fact was, without peradventure.—

Beſides the vocation of pariſh-clerk, old *Amen* had, it ſeems, followed the occu-

occupation of *breeches-making* alſo.—He had bred up his daughter to the myſteries of the ſame manufacture, from the time that ſhe had begun to enter into her *teens*;—and as ill luck would have it, they happened to be *leathern breeches* too that he dealt in.

The unfortunate girl—now a *woman*—aſſured me, that this kind of employment uſed, by degrees, to occaſion certain involuntary wanderings to ſtray in her mind, which, without ever tainting her chaſtity in the leaſt, had inſenſibly, however, ſullied the purity of her thoughts;—that ſhe had done every thing in her power to reſtrain her reflections from running into ſuch reveries; and had

ſung

ſung pſalms for whole evenings together, to divert her attention to fitter ſubjects of contemplation.—In vain, alas! for while ſhe ſung, breeches were ſtill *the burthen of her ſong*.—

This unlucky image haunted poor mademoiſelle *Culote* continually.—When ſhe lay down to reſt, ſhe imagined ſhe ſaw them taken off, and laid under the pillow;—and when ſhe aroſe, ſhe fancied ſtill ſhe ſaw them taken up, and put on again before her eyes.

The familiarity of ſuch ideas, though it had not in the leaſt ſtaggered her virtue—and I believe it—yet had pretty nearly produced the

ſame effect, by diſcomfiting her modeſty—ſo far, as to prevent a proper alarm, reſentment, and reſiſtance from taking place, and coming quick enough to her aid, when ſhe was aſſailed by the young ſquire of the manor, for whom ſhe had juſt finiſhed a neat pair of leathern breeches, which he happened to call on her for, one evening about twilight, when the reſt of the family were attending a funeral in the pariſh.

The poor girl! Happy had it been for her, if men had never worn any breeches at all, or that they had even worn them as the *Chiriguanes* are reported to do theirs—as fops wear their hats—under their arms.—We

are

are not yet informed how the women wear their petticoats in that country; but we may ſuppoſe, at leaſt, that the *retort courteous* * is properly returned among thoſe people, as well as in all the other nations of the earth.—The world, 'tis thought, would ſoon be at an end, if it was not for ſuch exchange of courteſies.

* An expreſſion in *As you like it*.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

THE MAN-MIDWIFE.

WITH regard to my ſecond inſtance, I ſhall be but ſhort.—She was daughter to a man-midwife;—and all that has been urged upon the former caſe, is equally referable to this one alſo.—

Her father uſed to be frequently called up a-nights, with *a Juno Lucina, fer opem.*—This would diſturb her repoſe.—She uſed often to lie ſtretching and yawning in her bed, and com-

communing with herſelf about the matters and things which could occaſion all this buſtle and ſtir.—

She had a vaſt turn to philoſophy.—She would get at her father's books—ſhe would ſometimes read more than ſhe underſtood—but happened often to underſtand more than ſhe was the better for.—It made her wiſer, forſooth—but, alack! how dearly have we ſince paid for the firſt inſtance of female wiſdom! 'Twas in this very ſcience, they ſay, that the firſt curioſity was exerciſed.—*The knowing ones are ſometimes taken in.*

Her father told me, one day, ſoon after her accident, ſhe had declared

to him, that, without labouring under the power or influence of any other inordinate paſſion or propenſity in nature, her curioſity was ſo predominant in her, that ſhe would, at any time of her life, have ſtood a ſhot to have been made a *free-maſon*.

O philoſophia! dux vitæ!—The deuce it is!—But pray, Sir, is there not ſuch a theorem in this ſame philoſophy, as that *action and re-action are equal*—and in *oppoſite directions* too? And is not *the natural philoſophy* ever ſtill at fifty-cuffs with *the moral one*?—In ſuch conflicts as theſe the fair *Obſtetrica* fell!

But the philoſophy, of all others, that finally tript up poor miſs Mid-wife's heels,

heels, was the *Platonic* one.—How beautiful a ſyſtem is there diſplayed! To have two fond and faithful hearts mutually attracting each other, their *ſyſtolé* and diaſtolé the ſame, tide for tide, and by a ſweet compulſion drawing nearer and nearer together, for life, like the *aſſymptotes of an hyperbola*, without ever coinciding, or ruſhing into the *point of contact* *.

How enviable and truly ſeraphic a ſtate is this! How like to heaven itſelf, where they are ſaid *neither to marry, nor to be given in marriage!* What pity is it that it is not real! and that thoſe who would reſt upon this inchanted iſland, as on *terra*

* Vide the *Conic Sections.*

firma, would ſoon have their feet ſlipt from under them!

This ſame contingency—this *ſynchroniſm*—is the devil.—Ye *breeches-makers*, and ye *men* or *women midwives* alſo, ſend out your daughters from underneath your roofs, I ſay.—They are, alas! too dangerous ſeminaries for young women to be educated in.—

But enough on ſuch ſubjects as theſe.—I cannot bear to dwell long upon melancholy ſtories.—

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

ORIGIN OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

UPON turning over this manuſcript juſt now, I find that I had mentioned a deſign of writing my own memoirs once, upon a time.

I did really ſit down to this work formerly, with the moſt ſerious and ſtupid intention poſſible.—But the *Brutum fulmen*, or *Will o' the wiſp* of imagination, glared full before me, and led me a ſcamper, over hedge and ditch, through briars, through quag-

quagmires, and quick-ſands, for nine intire volumes, before I attempted to introduce myſelf into life.—In truth, great part of that work was ſpent before I even pretended to have been born.—I knew the world, alas! too well, to be in any manner of hurry to ſtep into it.

The oddneſs and novelty of the firſt volumes caught hold of the capricious taſte of the public.—I was applauded and abuſed, cenſured and defended, through many a page.—However, as there were more readers than judges, the edition had ſufficient vogue for a ſale.—This encouraged me—I went on ſtill with the ſame kind of *no meaning*; ſinging, at the

end

end of every chapter, this line from *Midas*, to my *aſs-eared* audience,

Round about the *may-pole* how they trot—

with a parody on the text; where, inſtead of *brown ale*, you are to read only *ſmall beer*.—

But what entertained me the moſt, was to find a number of my moſt penetrating readers had conceived ſome deep laid ſcheme or deſign to be couched under theſe vagrancies or vagaries, which they fancied and affirmed would unfold itſelf toward the concluſion of the work.—

Nay ſome, more *riddle-witted* than the reſt, have pretended to be able

to

to trace my clue, through every volume, without loſing once ſight of the connection.—A fine ſpirit of enthuſiaſm this!—With what intelligence and profit muſt ſuch perſons read the Apocalypſe!—*A millennium* muſt certainly be a very clear caſe with them.

However, I muſt have the *modeſty* to admit, that there were, here and there, ſome ſtriking paſſages interſperſed throughout thoſe volumes.—*In ſterquilinio margaritam reperit.*—There are many foibles ridiculed, and much charity and benevolence inſtilled and recommended. — One ſaunters out, ſometimes, into the fields and highways, without any other

other purpoſe than to take the benefit of a little air and exerciſe;—an object of diſtreſs occurs, and draws forth our charity and compaſſion.

After this careleſs manner did I ramble through my pages, in mere idleneſs and ſport—till ſome occurrence of humanity laid hold of me, *by the breaſt*, and pulled me aſide.—Here lies my only *fort*.—What we ſtrongeſt feel, we can beſt expreſs.—And upon ſuch ſubjects as theſe, one muſt be capable of a double energy, who, while he is *pleading for others*, is alſo *relieving himſelf*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIX.

THE FEMALE CONFUCIUS.

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I happened to be very ill at the time, and ſitting by the fire-ſide one morning in my lodgings, when I received a very polite card, in a female hand, unknown, acquainting me, that

that having been ſtruck with that rich vein of philanthropy, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, which flowed like milk and honey through all my writings, Mrs. -------- would be much obliged, and flattered, if I would afford her an opportunity of a perſonal acquaintance with the author, by doing her the favour of drinking tea with her that evening.

I was too weak to venture abroad. I wrote her word ſo—aſſured her that I longed equally for the pleaſure of an acquaintance with any perſon, whoſe heart and mind ſeemed to ſympathize with thoſe affections ſhe was ſo kind to compliment me upon, and intreated the honour of *a ſans cere-*

monie viſit from her, upon this occaſion, that very evening.

She condeſcended to accept my invitation, and came accordingly.—She viſited me every day while I continued confined;—which kindneſs I returned, moſt punctually, as ſoon as I was able to go abroad.

She was a woman of ſenſe and virtue—not lively, but poſſeſſed of that charming ſort of even chearfulneſs which naturally flows from goodneſs.—*Mens conſcia recti.*—She was reſerved, and, like a ghoſt, would rarely ſpeak till ſpoken to.—She had, like a lute, all the *paſſive* powers of muſic in her, but wanted the

the maſter's hand to bring them forth.

She had quitted England very young—before her tender affections had been rendered callous, by the colliſions of the world.—She had been carried into *India*, where ſhe continued, till thoſe ſentiments had been ripened into principle, and were inſpired with all the ſublime enthuſiaſm of eaſtern morality.

She ſeemed to be unhappy.—This added a tenderneſs to my eſteem for her.—I gueſſed, but inquired not her private hiſtory, and ſhe communicated nothing.—She would repine, but not reſent.—She had no gall to

boil over—her overflowings were of the *pancreatic* juices only *.

From that time we held on a conſtant and refined intercourſe, while ſhe remained in the kingdom, and a friendly correſpondence ſucceeded our parting—to meet no more—in this world—I prophecy!—She happened to be *another man's wife* too.

But the charity that had attracted, with the virtue that united us, were not able to ſcreen us from the cenſure of baſe minds. Neither her own fair character, nor the *memento* of my ghoſtly appearance, were ſufficient bars to ſlander.

* The *Sweet-bread.*

The

The improbability of a malicious ſtory ſerves but to help forward the currency of it—becauſe it *increaſes the ſcandal*.—So that, in ſuch inſtances, the world, like Romiſh prieſts, are induſtrious to propagate *a belief* in things they have not the leaſt faith themſelves; or, like the pious *St. Auſtin*, who ſaid he believed *ſome things*, becauſe they were *abſurd and impoſſible*.

CHAP. XL.

Continuation of Chapter XXXVIII.

THE PRIMMER.

I CONTINUED this rodomontade through nine volumes, upon *fools-cap paper* * ;—but had reaſon to find at laſt, that the *nine days wonder* had ſown its *gape-ſeed* long before. The novelty grew ſtale, and the oddneſs began to loſe its ſingularity. This, I ſay, I confeſs to have per-

* That is the name which printers give to the paper of this ſpecimen, upon which all the author's works have been publiſhed.

ceived

ceived a conſiderable time before.—But one who has *run down a hill* for any way, cannot well ſtop his ſpeed, till he has got to the *bottom of it*.

I then thought proper to ceaſe *titupping my hobby-horſe* about—to alight, and perform my promiſe to the public in a more ingenuous and ſyſtematical manner.—Upon which occaſion, I began to *frame* theſe notes—but could never ſince find time to *glaze* them.—So many other themes and ſchemes ſhot acroſs my fancy, and puzzled my purpoſe, that I could not ſtick to any one ſubject long enough to make a volume of it—or acquit myſelf as an author.

One of my moſt favourite deſigns was to compoſe *a little book*, to be ſtiled *The Primmer*—for the uſe and benefit of *grown nobility, gentry, and others*—to inſtruct them what to ſay, and how to act, upon all the general occaſions of life *.

I know of no work ſo ſhamefully wanted, at preſent, as ſome code of this kind. There is, I confeſs, a certain connate liberality of nature in ſome perſons I have met with, that *inſpires* them to think, ſpeak, and act, with a ſpirit and virtue which ſuperſedes, in a great meaſure, the neceſſity of education. Theſe inſtances,

* Here read the dedication over again.

though,

though, are rare—they may be ſtiled *moral comets.*

The *many* are born with a ſort of original meanneſs in their minds, which reſolves every action, every idea, into *ſelf*—and which the longeſt line in heraldry, with the poſſeſſion of the largeſt fortune, are not ſufficient to countervail, without the aſſiſtance of an academical tuition.

But the generality of the *curled darlings* of our nation, *tandem cuſtode remoto*, ſhake off *a load* from their ſhoulders, when they are *emancipated* from college: for ſuch is their ſenſe, or *nonſenſe*, of this matter.—They are then apt to claſs *Tully's Offices*,

with *Burgerſdicious*, among the pedantry of the ſchools, and become ſoon poſſeſſed of juſt *chriſtianity* enough to ſet them above all *pagan moral*—or the *ſhining ſins* of the heathen world, as our orthodoxy affects to ſtile them. They then begin to look upon their own feelings to be the ſure way of judging, and the uſages of the world their only rule of acting.

From hence many illiberal notions are ſuffered to obtain, and many ignoble deeds are practiſed.—From hence ariſe, among *the great*, Newmarket jockies, Change-alley brokers, and corporation caſuiſts. — From hence the dignitaries of the law degenerate

nerate into attornies, and prieſts in lawn dwindle into tythe-proctors.

The ſcope then of my ritual, was to ſet forth the *verum, atque decens*, of morals, the truth and beauty of human actions—which it is incumbent, at leaſt, on perſons of a certain rank in life, either to *practiſe* or *pretend*. They would then be taught to perceive, that neither *their own feelings*, nor *the uſages of the world*, were of authority ſufficient to ſupport vice, meanneſs, or indecorum. This would be putting them to ſchool again.—Thoſe who want *hearts*, ſhould be taught *to get by heart*.

Princes

Princes and nobles, *ſo titled*, however they might be tempted to wallow in their own ſties, would not then, perhaps, dare to emblazon their ſtrumpets to the public view.—*Turf-miniſters* alſo might then be informed, that they had miſtaken the metaphor, when they let go *the helm*, to take up *the reins*.

The marchioneſs of Taviſtock had not then lived the reproof, and died the reproach, of ſo many matrons on the firſt benches at court. Thou haſt, moſt ſpotleſs Epheſian relict, devoted thyſelf to the grave with thy dead lord! They would ſacrifice their living ones.—*Et faciles nymphæ riſere.*—And ſuch the accommodating ſpirit

of

of our modern laws, that divorces, now-a-days, like the ſection of the *polypus*, are ſuffered to generate new members from each part of the ſeparation.

I am not ſuch a viſionary as to expect that any thing of this kind would render perſons virtuous, in ſpite of *the whole courſe of modern education.*—*Et quæ fuerunt vitia, mores ſunt.*—But I think that it might poſſibly ſhame your *grown nobility, gentry, and others*, into the diſguiſing, or concealing their vices at leaſt;—which is, perhaps, no inconſiderable point gained in morals.

Eſt quadam prodire tenus—Si non datur ultra.—

The

The appearing, or pretending to have more virtue than one has, is hypocriſy;—but the not expoſing all the vices we are really guilty of, is certainly ſome merit—to the public at leaſt.

So ſhall diſſembling once be virtuous in you.

A rich lawyer might, perhaps, notwithſtanding, be tempted to purchaſe an eſtate *for half its value*, becauſe the perſon who ſold it did ſo in haſte, *to extricate himſelf from a gaol*.—But after he had peruſed my *little book*, he would never have boaſted of the action.—My ears would not then be ſo much ſhocked and offended as they are too frequently now every day.

A pro-

A profligate might ſtill delude a ſimple maiden, or purchaſe the innocency of beauty from a needy parent; but he would not make a confident of ſuch amours.—He would not caſt the victim off to want, as well as infamy; nor dare to proclaim his villainy to the world. My enmity, my abhorrence, my reſentment, with all the tribe of the uncomfortable, the uncharitable, and unhealthy paſſions, would not then harraſs my poor ſhattered frame.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLI.

THE NATURAL EXHIBITION.

ANOTHER vision of mine, was, to open an exhibition for fine children, male and female, remarkable for their beauty, symmetry, or athletic frame. In order to which, I had prepared a new and copious edition of the *Callipædia*—or, Art of getting Pretty Children; illustrated with notes of my own, and enlarged with several philosophic hints, which had occurred to my mind whilst this pleasant fancy was running in my head.

There have been many ſchools opened, for the exhibition of all the *arts and ſciences*; but none, O ſhame! for *nature*, and her *originals*. He who *copies* the *human face-divine*, receives a premium, and applauſe—while he that preſents you with the *maſter-piece*, or *prototype*, of the mimic work, has but *his labour for his pains*—or, at beſt, is referred, like virtue, to *its own reward*.—

This might encourage the good old moral and political work of propagation.—It would be reviving ſomething ſimilar to the uſeful Roman law, the *jus trium liberorum*—and be a reſtraint on promiſcuous intercourſes, which terminate in barrenneſs.—Profligacy

ſligacy is a monſter, and never generates.

I can conceive no other reaſon for ſuch a ſcheme as this not having yet become an object of the royal foundation, except that his preſent majeſty might have ſo juſtly thought that his own family would be beſt intitled to the greateſt emoluments of it, both from excellence and number.

I have amuſed myſelf ſometimes in one of my philoſophic moods, with ſuppoſing an handſome, well-made young couple ſetting out on ſuch a project as this. I will not indulge the freedom of imagination on this ſubject—though well aſſured I am,

that

that the Author of beauty, harmony, and order, cannot be diſpleaſed with a diſquiſition into it.

Can the origin of nature be jealous at our inveſtigation of the very inmoſt receſſes of its ſecrets? Philoſophy would become impiety at ſuch a thought.

Many other projects of theſe kinds, ſufficient *loquacem delaſſare Fabium* to relate, and which would require the age of a patriarch to execute—*beſides ten thouſand freaks that died in thinking*—have preſented themſelves to my active imagination, even in the midſt of pain, ſorrow, and ſickneſs;—but I never was able to carry them further than *minutes*.

For my mind has ever repreſented the jargon of the ſchools, with regard to matter, which is defined to poſſeſs a *conatus ad motum*, with a *vis inertiæ*, or perfect acquieſcence *ad requiem*, at the ſame time.—You may ſee what a fine thing this ſame learning is.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLII.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

I FIND myſelf labouring, this inſtant, under an irreſiſtible impulſe to mention one particular deſign of mine—becauſe 'tis of a ſingular nature—which was, to write an hiſtorical and philoſophical account and deſcription of all the ſeveral great epochas of the world, from the *creation* to the *conflagration*—from the beginning of time, when God ſaid, *Let there be light, and there was light;* till the end of it, when he ſhall ſay, *Let there be fire, and there ſhall be fire.*

As there is but one notable event to be expected, between the preſent æra and the final conſummation of all things—namely, *the gathering in of all nations, ſo as that all may become of one faith*—when Turks, Jews, Infidels, and Hereticks—Papiſts, Preſbyterians, Janſeniſts, Methodiſts, Moravians, Quietiſts, Arrians, Hugonots, Socinians, Anabaptiſts, Muggletonians, Swaddlers, and Quakers—are there any more of them?—ſhall all become good proteſtants of the church of England, *as by law eſtabliſhed.*

This might, I ſay, at firſt, appear a difficulty upon me.—But on conſidering *the train* that has been already laid,

laid, both in church and ſtate, to bring that matter to paſs, I fancy that the intelligent reader will be of opinion with me, that it requires but a competent knowledge in politics and theology, to be able to predict the time when, and the manner how, this great criſis muſt be brought to paſs.

I gave my ſentiments on this ſubject ſome years ago, in a private letter to Frederic the Third, his preſent majeſty of Pruſſia.—Pray, now I think of it, do you know what became of that paper? It was put into the hands of the Pruſſian miniſter here, to be preſented to his maſter, and we have heard no more of the matter ſince.

But to conclude—

As the firſt thing in intention is generally the laſt in execution, I have proceeded in this work accordingly, by writing backwards, or Hebrew-wiſe, and ſhall here preſent you with the laſt chapter firſt.

THE

THE FINAL CHAPTER OF THE EPOCHAS.

ARGUMENT.

THE LAST DAY.

The pillar'd firmament is rotteneſs,
And earth's baſe built on ſtubble. MILT.

NOX, Erebus, and Chaos, now renewed their reign.—All nature was convulſed.—The panther, lion, and the leopard, fled affrighted from their dens, and, tamed by terror, grew the friends of man.—The world became an ark, and adverſe beaſts forgot their wonted ſtrife, and

ſought alliance in each other's fierceneſs.—The howling wolf now bleated like the lamb.—The hawk, the vulture, and the eagle, became *pigeon-livered, and lacked gall.*—The birds of rapine forſook their prey, and trembled for themſelves.—The ſhark, the dolphin, and leviathan, merged from the boiling deep, and ſought the fervid ſhore.—The elements themſelves were changed in nature's wreck.—The rivers were dried up, and liquid ore ſupplied their burning channels.—The clouds were turned to fire, and ſhot their meteors through the aſtoniſhed ſky.—The air was flame, and breathing was no more.—The firmament was melted down,

down; and rained its ſulphur o'er the proſtrate globe. — The earth's foundations to the center ſhook.— *Even charity was dumb—and virtue's ſelf ſtood ſcarcely unappalled!*

FINIS MUNDI.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIII.

MYSELF.

AND here, perhaps, ſince I have got into a train of deſcribing myſelf, it may amuſe you—or myſelf—which makes very little difference, in the mood I am at preſent—to give you the character and peculiarities of *Tria juncta in uno*:—to which purpoſe I ſhall appropriate the whole of this chapter.

The firſt and principal characteriſtic of *my indoles*—not *indolence*—for it is

as

as active as paſſionate—is philanthropy.—This is the *ſine qua non* of my compoſition. This is my divinity, in which *I live, and move, and have my being.*

The *momentum* of my affections toward mankind is in a *reciprocal ratio* between heaven and earth. I place myſelf as a *medium*—and love others with that warmth and indulgence I would have my Creator manifeſt toward myſelf—forgiving their errors, palliating their infirmities, and willing both their temporal and eternal felicity.—Amen!

This turn of mind is the firſt thing that awakens with me, and the laſt I

part

part with when I take leave of my ſenſes.—I have frequently ſuppoſed myſelf a ſovereign prince, and ſpent many an intire day in ſettling my houſhold, with all the other offices and departments of my kingdom.

Nay, I do actually aver, that I ſat down gravely one morning to a ſheet of paper, and entered the names of all my friends and acquaintance for employs; claſſing them according to their reſpective merits and capacities, preferring ſtill, *as becomes a king to do*, ſuperior talents and virtue, to my fondeſt connections.—

Pray, was not this a ſcene for *Moorfields*? And would not ſuch a manuſcript

ſcript as this, found in my poſſeſſion, appear to have been copied from charcoal *on the walls of a cell?* Nay, I do confeſs, that I did once ſeriouſly think myſelf mad, for a conſiderable portion of my life, on account of ſuch reveries and extravagancies as theſe—till I happily found out that my ſuſpicion aroſe chiefly from my having kept company, during that *ſad* interval, with a parcel of LUKE-*warm fools*.

At other times, I have abſolutely refuſed being a king. I burned *my liſt*, and cried out, *Nolo coronari*.—This ſtation did not ſufficiently ſatisfy my thirſt of power and dominion. It extended only to the *temporal* wel-

fare

fare of mankind, and was reſtricted to that ſcanty portion of them which was comprehended within the narrow limits of my own empire—and could bear an inſurance only during my own life.

I prefer Socrates to Solon, and would rather preſide in the moral than the political government of mankind.—This is the only true ambition, to aſſume to one's ſelf that department in life which extends equally to all nations, to all ages, and reaches even to eternity itſelf.—

I am, perhaps, one of the greateſt philoſophers you know in the world. —Men of ſenſe admire, and fools

envy

envy this *ſuppoſed ſuperiority* of talent in me.—They think it muſt have been atchieved by dint of ſtudy, labour, and reſolution, with the natural advantages of a gifted capacity, and great ſtrength of mind.

I would not have them think ſo:—in the firſt place, becauſe it is not true;—and in the next, ſuch a notion as this might deter others from ever attempting to arrive at ſuch an happy, but eaſy excellence of character.—Let me undeceive them.—

I was as other men are, till about the age of two-and-twenty.—I reſented pain, ſickneſs, diſappointment, and diſtreſs, as naturally as I did heat

and cold, hunger and thirſt.—I had ever a turn for reflection.—I lay tumbling and toſſing one morning in bed, my mind labouring juſt then under the preſſure of ſome one or more of the above catalogue of ills, and contemplating the infinite ſuperiority of the ancient philoſophy, upon all ſuch trials as theſe.

I envied, I admired this happy poſſeſſion of one's own mind. I took *heart of grace*, on the inſtant, and filliping my fingers, cried out, *I will myſelf be a philoſopher*. I immediately aroſe—reſolving not to fall aſleep again, and forget it.—I put on the breeches of a philoſopher—poſſibly, at that time, of *an heathen one*—and

ſo

to commenced philoſopher for life—*and I alſo am a painter.*—

This, be aſſured of it, gentlemen, was the only leſſon or degree I ever took in that *truly noble ſcience of defence*—and found it to be all-ſufficient.—

The difficulties we apprehend, more than thoſe we find, in an attempt of this kind, as well as in the ſtrife with all our paſſions, is the only thing that prevents philoſophy and virtue from being commonly attainable in general life.

What makes the difference, between a chaſte woman, and a frail one? *The one had ſtruggled, and the other not.*

not.—Between a brave man, and a coward? *The one had ſtruggled, and the other not*.—An honeſt man, and a knave? *One had ſtruggled, the other not*.—

I am generally chearful—but more remarkably lively under pain, ſickneſs, or misfortunes—provided the misfortune be all my own—than at any other time of my life. Viſiting the ſick ceaſes to be a ſcripture duty, when referred to me.—Folks crowd to my couch, not to bemoan, but be merry at, my ſufferings—to hear me confeſs wit on *the rack*, and refine my *ore* in the *crucible*.

A friend of mine, thinking me expiring once under the ſevere diſorder of

of a bilious cholic—and I ſhould certainly have popped, at that very inſtant, if I had not, moſt luckily, *been given over by three phyſicians*—and conſequently no longer plied with medicine. My friend, I ſay, expreſſed himſelf extremely ſhocked at the *indecent merriment*, as he ſtiled it, with which I was juſt going out of the world.—The reply I made him was, pretty nearly, in theſe words:—

"Your lazy or indolent chriſtian is "too apt to cheriſh in his mind a dan-"gerous opinion of the efficacy of a "death-bed repentance.—I was ne-"ver mad enough to truſt to it.—"When Socrates was aſked, juſt be-"fore his trial, why he did not pre-

" pare himſelf for his defence, he " nobly anſwered, *I have been doing* " *nothing elſe all my life.*

" He who defers the great work of " ſalvation till his laſt moments, hath " loitered away his time, *till the night* " *cometh, in which no man can work.*— " A death-bed *attrition* *—and what " is it more, when it comes to that?— " may be compared to Vanini's laſt " exclamation — who, though an " atheiſt all his life, called upon God " in the flames.

" Shall an apoplexy deprive us of " ſalvation? If not, then what but " fear need render us ſo diſmal on

* Repentance through fear of puniſhment, not ſorrow for ſin; which latter is called *contrition*.

" our

" our exit? Life is itſelf a jeſt—Then
" ſurely death muſt be the very *cream*
" of it.—The longeſt life is as ſhort as
" an *epigram*, and our end is but *the*
" *point* of it."

My ſober friend walked away into a corner of the bed-chamber, and ejaculated.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIV.

A SHORT CHAPTER.

WHAT a chapter was the laſt! There will be no end of it, if I once get into an habit of writing ſuch long ones.—But whenever *ſelf* happens to become the ſubject, one ſeldom knows when to have done.—This is the only theme upon which I was ever tempted to *expatiate*—which, in other words, is *to be tedious*.

For, in general, my writings do not ſmell much of *the lamp*.—They ſeem moſt of them rather to have been written when I had *natural light* enough—even at the very *full of the moon*.—Can the Critical Reviewers themſelves ſay any thing worſe of them?

CHAP. XLV.

A SHORTER.

BUT even theſe ſhort chapters appear too prolix to me—I hope not to you—though they contain, each of them, only one head a-piece. So that I am reſolved here to put an end to them all, and write nothing but ſentences, throughout the ſecond volume.

I am not ſo vain as to think that my proverbs will be as good as Solomon's—or Sancho's either—but this I will venture to ſay, that they ſhall beat them all to nothing in number.

END OF PART I.

WHICH CONCLUDES VOL. FIRST.

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE PRINTER.

PLEASE, Sir, to ſend your *devil* with my compliments to Meſſieurs the Miniſtry, aſſuring them, that it was not, by any means, in derogation to the *golden age* of the preſent adminiſtration, but merely from the caſualty of my ſubject-matter, that the chapters of this book, happen ſo exactly to complete the number *Forty-five*.

THE EDITOR.

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